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# The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 200.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 2, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Mr. Wm. Le Queux . The Countess Montignoso Signor Toselli

*Photo* *Illustrations Bureau*

## LAST WEEK'S ROYAL ROMANCE

This is the Countess Montignoso and her new husband, Signor Toselli, after their wedding last week. The bride was once Crown Princess of Saxony, and her husband is alleged to be a musician. They were married at a registry office in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, on the 25th ult. On the left is Mr. William Le Queux, who was present at the marriage. The startling modesty of his attire, considering the number of decorations that have been bestowed on him by the various crowned heads of his acquaintance, was much admired

No. 200.—Vol. XVI.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.


The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The Ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire." By W. C. Lefroy. (Seeley: 12*s.* net.)
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# Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday October 2, 1907

This is our Two Hundredth Number! A solemn thought—what? Very solemn. Unspeakably solemn (as Mr. Bart Kennedy might say). If you feel like it, we don't. We feel rather merry. It is pleasant to be two hundred. People who reach half that age are in the habit nowadays of describing how they manage it. Sometimes it comes by living on toast and water, and sometimes by drinking a bottle of port every day. We are not disposed to give away our own particular secret. But we may point out that we are the right size—beyond any manner of doubt—and we trust that we are the right spirit.

* * *

Other papers, other ways. We have made a point of eschewing portliness—both of tone and body. Austerity has never struck us as worth while. On the other hand, we have never offered prizes for Limericks. Far be it from us to say that we have preserved the Golden Mean. We should scorn to. No, what we have set ourselves to be is a sort of grown-up kitten in a world of cat-papers. You know how everyone wishes the kitten wouldn't grow up into a cat. Well, except in sagacity, we have not grown up. We can still be taken on your lap. And if sometimes we scratch, it is only in fun.

**Checkmate**

SHE (*encouragingly*): "It is so unjust to accuse a man of weakness because he's in love"

HE (*cynically*): "Certainly it is. He may have no intention of marrying the girl"

BY BERT THOMAS

* * *

Teutophobes are somewhat annoyed at the report that the gravel terrace in front of Windsor Castle is to be turfed in honour of the Kaiser's forthcoming visit. If gravel is good enough for the King, it is good enough, they think, for the Kaiser. Still, guests should always be honoured; and, if the usual notices are put up, this turfing may also be a neat way of acquainting the Kaiser with that fine old English idiom—"Keep Off the Grass!"

* * *

"Celtic Tribes in Africa" are the startling discovery of a Professor at the Pan-Celtic Congress in Edinburgh. "There are Macs," he assures us, "in Morocco." It looks as though one of them, at least (thanks to Raisuli), is likely to remain there.

Some bitterness still lingers as a result of Mr. Jesse Collings's angry comparison of the Unionists to "men going through the wilderness without a Moses." Mr. Balfour's adherents are of opinion that even if Mr. Collings has lost his Moses, he might still keep his Aaron.

* * *

Politics should be learnt young, no doubt, but the news that winter toys are to take the form of representations of our leading politicians strikes us as disquieting. Little Liberals who are given, for example, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to play with would probably love him at first, but they would certainly end by beating him and tearing out his hair. This is hardly good training for future M.P.'s as yet in the nursery. It is too like the real thing.

* * *

It would matter less if only minor politicians were made into toys. One might open Mr. Winston Churchill to see if he had sawdust inside, or melt the head of Mr. Byles without outraging the sense of decency. But it would not be nice to witness Mr. Balfour suddenly becoming wax in the hands of some young Tariff Reformer.

* * *

A third Peace Conference has very rightly been agreed upon. It would have been a thousand pities if it hadn't, seeing that the Palace of Peace is being built. For retired Generals and politicians in need of a rest-cure this should always be a favourite spot, and delegates speak very highly of the dinners given in the Hague. Only it should be made clear that only those in favour of armaments need apply for admission.

* * *

What our national game owes to the Press is not fully realised, but it will interest all lovers of cricket to hear that a special correspondent of the *Daily Mail* is to captain the English eleven in Australia.

---

**Next week's issue of "The Bystander" will be our HUNTING NUMBER.**
**Greatly Enlarged Illustrated Supplement.**
**Price 6d., as usual.**

The new regiment which has been picked to guard the Tsar's household in St. Petersburg has caused a good deal of discontent, and has even been likened to the notorious bodyguard of Ivan the Terrible. It is felt, however, by most Russians, that even a couple of such bodyguards would not justify anyone in nicknaming the Tsar himself Nicholas the Terrible.

* * *

In view of the fact that nobody quite knows who is fighting whom in Morocco, or why anyone is fighting anybody, historians of the future are likely to have some difficulty in fixing on a good name for this series of campaigns. Perhaps it would be simplest just to take a short descriptive title, and call it "The Mystery of General Drude."

* * *

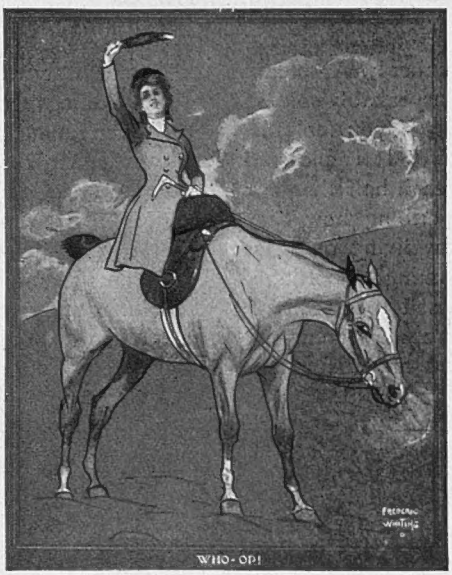
According to the *Globe*, the new blood parasite which the Grouse Disease Commission has discovered "is to be called Leucocytozoon Lovati, after Lord Lovat, Chairman of the Commission." The more intimate friends of his lordship refer to him, we presume, by the abbreviated name of "Leuc."

* * *

"Owing to the conduct of the children being more like that of the offspring of wild heathens than of Christian parents," the Rev. H. A. Orlebar, Rector of Kingscliffe, Northants, has been obliged to close the Sunday school. A sad state of affairs, but any further attempt on the part of the children to cook and eat the Rev. Orlebar while teaching the Catechism will, we trust, be frustrated by this prompt measure.

* * *

In order to safeguard the secrets of the public, Parisian telephone girls have been forbidden to marry policemen, mayors, detectives, or cashiers, and now the rush into these favoured professions is said to be something alarming.




**Our Hunting Supplement**

Reduced facsimile of the coloured cover of the 20-page Supplement to be given away with our next week's number

An old lady, who is much alarmed at the threatened disorganisation of the railway system, has promised to give a porter at Clapham Junction a penny instead of a halfpenny every time he handles her boxes if he will promise not to join the strike.

* * *

A feature of the Congress of Hygiene is said to be a model burial place, designed by Professor Meyer for himself and his family, who are still alive and well. "Graceful urns stand in niches, surrounded by palms, flowers, and moss," and the little Meyers' one sorrow, no doubt, is that papa will never be able to see how nice the large urn looks when he is in it. They are certain it will look nice.

---

**The Limerick Craze!**

The twentieth century can boast
  A hobby all its own!
Its votaries are quite a host
  Who have to thousands grown!
Both young and old, where'er you go,
  Have clearly caught the trick,
And briskly in the "tanners" flow
  With every Limerick!

When to the country you run down,
  Intent on rest and peace,
Where you escape the noise of Town
  And daily worries cease,
Your hosts will meet you at the gate,
  And say, "You're in the nick
"Of time, for *Pearson's* not too late,
  *If* you can Limerick!"

All day folk teaze you for a rhyme
  And lines replete with wit;
They think to score, sir, every time,
  But not a bit of it!!
Parsons and laymen, clerks and all,
  And women, dull and quick,
Are busy! Every farmer small,
  To-day, can Limerick!

For it is possible to earn
  Two hundred pounds a line!
How "Alfred" in his grave would turn
  Could he this fact divine!
Alas! the best don't always score
  (One feels inclined to kick!),
And this is marring more and more
  The festive Limerick!

F. B. DOVETON.

*Photo*] **Tartans in "The Gay Gordons"** [*Foulsham and Banfield*

The chorus in *The Gay Go dons*, now filling the bill at the Aldwych Theatre, appears garbed in approved Highland costume during the greater part of the play, which takes place in the "land o' cakes"

# RACING NOTIONS

## NEWBURY AND NEWMARKET. By "CARBINE"

**Cesarewitch Changes**

Fugleman is coughing so badly that it has been deemed advisable to strike him out of the Cesarewitch. Thus disappears the money of those impetuous folk who backed him on the strength of his Doncaster excellence. His chance was a very fine one indeed, and I am sorry we shall not see him at Newmarket. No wonder that ante-post betting is vanishing when people are continually getting set-backs of this sort. Supporters of Baltinglass also had a severe fright last week. It cannot do the colt much good to have been stopped in his work for several days, and, though he is once again in active training, disconcerting rumours about him are still flying round. In any case, it seems best to leave him alone until his trainer's intentions are definitely known. Just for the sake of scoring a point or two the better of the odds, it is not worth while to run the risk of getting on a non-starter. It may happen that Major Loder will run both Hammerkop and Baltinglass, but it seems clear that the former is at present the more genuine candidate of the two. The old mare ran well at Newbury, but not well enough to make one wildly confident concerning her Cesarewitch chances. Amid all the scares and rumours of the past week, Wuffy has maintained his place of favouritism, and those who back this colt seem at least assured of having a run for their money. We all looked with interest to see how Radium would fare at Newbury, but the ground was so hard that it was decided not to hazard the risk of crippling him. Provided that Radium does not incur a penalty between now and the Cesarewitch, his prospects of winning will be very bright, and probably he will be my final selection for the race.

**W. A. Higgs**

Who rode five consecutive winners at Newbury

**Fine Finish for the Newbury Cup**

While Radium's absence was regretted, the race for the Newbury Cup did not fail to throw new light upon the Cesarewitch. It brought to notice an extremely dangerous candidate in Demure. Her form has been erratic, but she is brilliant over a long course when in the right mood, and I am rather inclined to think that she ought to have won at Newbury. It was the superb riding of Higgs which turned the scale against her. Wootton, who rode the filly, is a capable little fellow, but is clearly at a disadvantage when matched in a tight finish against a strong, determined horseman like Higgs. The latter never had a luckier opening than when he managed to squeeze through on the rails. Had Demure kept her place there she could not possibly have lost. But she swerved away, and gave Higgs the chance of "lifting" The Page past the post a head winner. It was a stirring finish, and those who saw it are not likely to let Demure run loose in the Cesarewitch.

**Notable Jockeyship**

Higgs's marvellous riding was, of course, the feature of the popular and exceedingly well-managed young Berkshire meeting. Counting one at Lingfield on the preceding afternoon, he rode six winners in succession. The achievement is not unique, but is sufficiently wonderful to have been mainly accomplished at a meeting like Newbury, with large fields of good horses. As a powerful finisher, Higgs is about the best jockey now riding, but I should say that Maher is his superior in judgment of pace and ability to get the utmost out of a tender-mouthed young horse. It was glorious weather for both days of the gathering. On Saturday, Galvani had merely an exercise gallop in picking up the Kingsclere Stakes. Spinning Solly put in a grand performance in the Highclere Nursery, but his great weight proved just too much for him at the end.

**Newmarket Selections**

This week the big event is the Jockey Club Stakes, on Thursday, for which **Sancy** may be hard pushed by Qu'appelle and Larig, especially as he is called upon to give away a good deal of weight. Still, Mr. Bass's colt is something out of the common, and his past performances justify us in looking to him to win this big prize. If a surprise is in store for us, Larig will be the one to achieve it, for he ran very well in the St. Leger. On Wednesday **Royal Realm** looks best for the Boscawen Stakes, but in his absence Marsh's stable may take the race, probably with the improving Putchamim. For the Great Eastern Railway Handicap my selection is **Nero**. Then on the following day the **Minera colt** may prove smart enough to secure the Triennial Stakes. On Friday, the concluding day of an interesting meeting, I look to **St. Savin** to win the October Handicap, while **Galvani** ought to have no difficulty in securing the Newmarket St. Leger. Major Loder's colt is in tip-top form just now, and it would be extremely interesting to see him pitted against Wool Winder and Slieve Gallion over a mile-and-a-quarter course, at the weights which were recently allotted to them in the Free Handicap. It would not be easy to tell how these three cracks would finish under these conditions.

# The Professional Golf Tournament

## PARTLY PLAYED BY TORCHLIGHT

**E. P. Gaudin driving from the tenth tee**
Score, 71 and 75—146. His first round constituted a competition record for the course

**J. Bradbeer driving**
Score, 73 and 74—147

**C. H. Mayo playing an iron shot**
Score, 78 and 71—149. After an indifferent first round, Mayo tied with Gaudin for the special prize for the best single round

Last week's qualifying competition for the Professional Golfers' £240 Tournament was probably unique in the annals of golf, inasmuch as it was a one-day tournament that was in an unfinished state at the close of play. No fewer than 105 members of the Southern section of the Professional Golfers' Association entered, but, in spite of an early start, it was found impossible for every competitor to get through two rounds before darkness fell. Some of the later players, therefore, had the option of a second round on the next morning, a course taken by J. Sherlock, who, as the result of the next day's play, headed the list with a score of 145 (72—73). Among those who had to finish their rounds in the darkness by the aid of torches were Braid and Tom Vardon, which largely accounted for their scores of 149 (74 and 75) and 151 (77 and 74) respectively

**The Professional Tournament at Burnham Beeches: Braid at the seventh tee**

**J. H. Taylor playing an iron shot for the fourteenth hole**
Score, 76 and 72—148. One of the three who tied for the fourth place

**E. Gray at the twelfth green**
Score, 73 and 76—149

**Rowland Jones playing to the fourteenth hole**
Score, 73 and 76—149

# THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

### October in Town

October in Town is charming. The dull people are still away. The others are all back—getting their hair cut and shopping. The October days are neither too long nor too short. The October sun is just bright enough to cheer. It is not hot. It is not cold. A fire is an added joy rather than a necessity of life. The thin white mist with which autumnal London modestly veils herself is vastly becoming. There is a nip in the air which gives good appetite. A stroll in Kensington Gardens, through glades all mysterious and misty and trees all cloudy, is a daily voyage of ravishing discoveries. The drive to dinner and theatre is through an enchanted city. Piccadilly is tinted gorgeously in sunset colours, smoke and silver, and a lilac vapour rests upon the Park. 'Tis a shame to shut it out, but man must dine, and only poets can live on "hyacinthine haze."

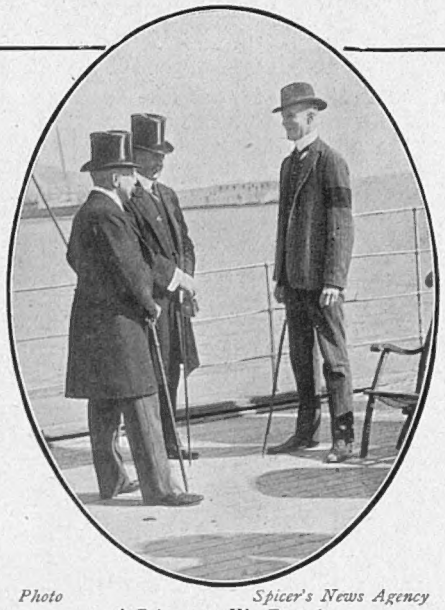


*Photo* *Spicer's News Agency*

**A Prince on His Travels**

Prince Frederic Henry of Prussia, eldest son of Prince Albert of Prussia, at Dover, talking to Sir William Crundall, the German Consul. The Prince has been on a "grand tour," which included South and East Africa

As for October in the country, it is indescribably exquisite.

* * *

### The Little Season

Town—the Western end of it—is no longer a howling wilderness. Our American, German, and Swiss tourist visitors have departed. In their place, pleasant specimens of what a dreadful snob has called the "best people" are constantly to be encountered. Claridge's, that most select of London hostelries, is, for the off season, quite full. Dining there last week, I found it very difficult to get a table, and lots of well-known people were there. Sir Thomas Lipton, all smiles as usual, the guest of Mr. William Gibson, was discussing the rejection by the New York Yacht Club of his challenge. Lord and Lady Inverclyde had their children with them, and Lord Burnham was dining with Lady Campbell Clarke,

The Lady Marjorie Manners The Duke of Rutland The Marquis of Granby The Duchess of Rutland The Ladies Violet and Diana Manners

*Photo* *Topical Agency*

**A Future Duke's Coming of Age: A Tenants' Fête at Haddon Hall**

The coming of age of the Marquis of Granby was celebrated with great *éclat* last week at Haddon Hall

# Two Heroes of the Hour

Dr. Hastings, and Lord and Lady Marcus Beresford were others present.

* * *

**The Ever-Green Savoy**

At the Savoy they seem never by any chance to have a slack season. Even in the dead months there is always a goodly contingent of well-known people dining or supping there. A few nights ago, Lady Rosslyn, with a sister actress-manageress of title, Lady de Bathe, were two much-noticed visitors, the latter, as usual, beautifully dressed in pure white. Miss Lily Elsie, who has, I hear, just been quietly married, was there looking extremely pretty, and men of distinction were numerous. Earl Poulett I often meet there; also Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, so soon to become a benedict, Sir Charles Hartopp, Sir John Dewar (who has been staying in Eastbourne during the croquet week), Lord Onslow, Viscount Cranley; while a few nights ago the Hon. Sidney Greville (her Majesty's private secretary) was supping there, on the night before he went up to Balmoral to await the Queen's arrival.

*Photo* *Elliott and Fry*

**Our Newest M.P.**

Mr. Charles McArthur, Kirkdale's new Conservative Member, who was returned to Parliament last week with a majority of 670 over his Socialist opponent

* * *

**Lady Plutocrats at the Ritz**

At the Ritz, later in the week, all the wealth of all the world seemed to have congregated. Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Millington Drake, and Mrs. De Woerth were three of the wealthy American women who were entertaining their friends, all three having, earlier in the day, despatched their respective sons to Eton for the autumn term. The millionaire Mr. A. Goldsmidt was dining a large party, which included Lady Paget, ablaze with diamonds, the George Vanderbilts, and the lately married Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burns. Mr. and Mrs. George Gould had some friends and their youthful daughters with them, and among others were a large contingent of Neumanns, Mrs. Bischoffsheim, Mrs. Hall Walker (in Town getting in some shopping between Doncaster and the "First October"), Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, Lady Molesworth, and Lady Kimberley; while Lord Brooke, Lord Lurgan, and Prince Demidoff were some well-known men present.

*Photo* *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

**Our Next Lord Mayor**

Alderman Sir John Bell, who has been connected with the City Corporation for twenty-five years. He is the chairman and managing director of the Wenlock Brewery Company

* * *

**Our Next Lord Mayor**

Alderman Sir John Charles Bell is to be the next occupant of the Mayoral Chair of the City of London. Made an Alderman in 1894, he has been connected with the Civic Government for a quarter of a century, and he served as Sheriff of the City in 1902. Sir John is also the Chairman and Managing Director of the Wenlock Brewery Co. After the "strenuosities" of Sir William Treloar, I really hope the Lord Mayor-Elect will give us a little breathing space. Hardly a morning has passed since the beginning of last November in which the paper has not recorded some activity or other of Sir William. "The Lord Mayor Dances through the Streets of Helston," "The Lord Mayor in Berlin," "The Lord Mayor in the East End," "The Lord Mayor's Mansion House Fête," "The Lord Mayor at a P.S.A.," and so on, *ad lib.* But though London's poor citizens have been kept in a perfect fever of anxiety as to Sir William's next activity, we will forgive him for the end he has in view—his scheme for the alleviation of the sufferings of the nation's cripples, which has just received the personal patronage of her Majesty Queen Alexandra. Sir William is, indeed, Crippledom's Carpet Knight, though, in his case, all the reproach of the term is lacking, and for suffering childhood's sake we would willingly endure another year of his strenuous rule.

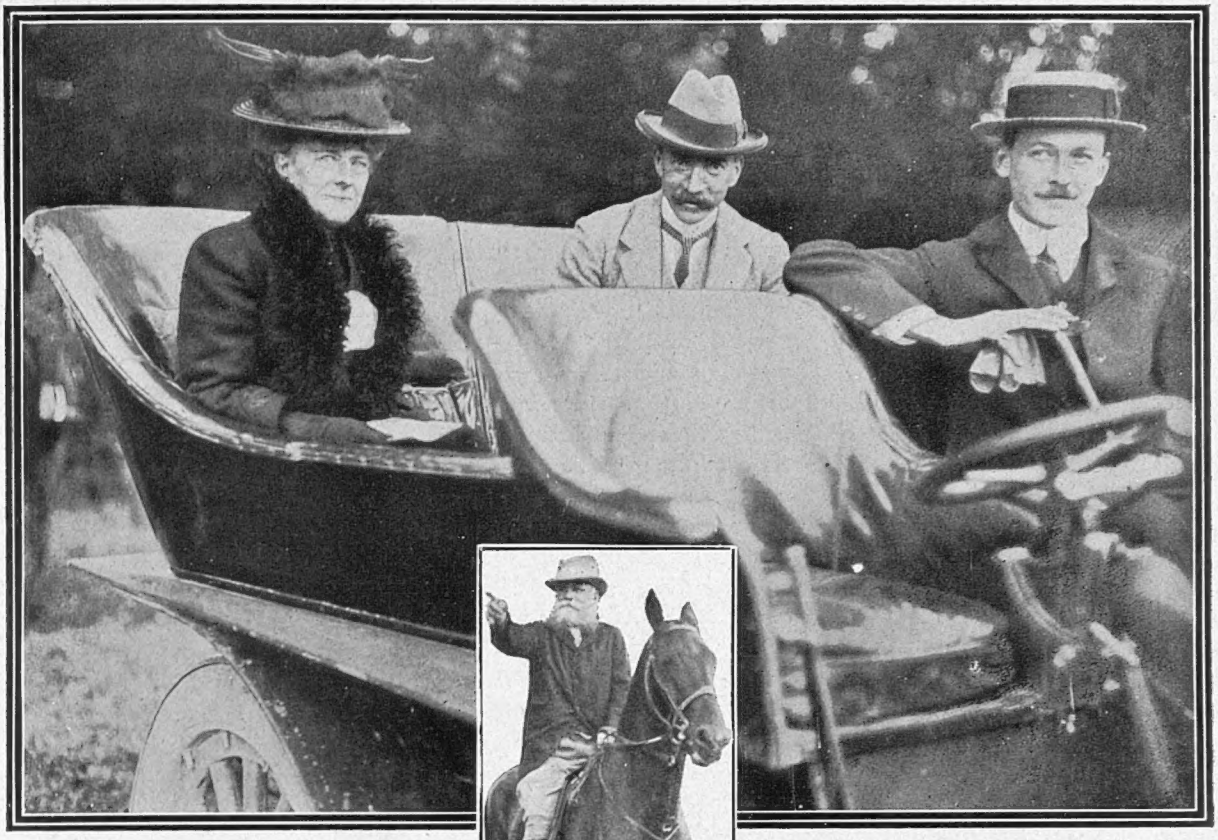
* * *

**The Extension of the Grand Tour**

Once upon a time, before the days of motors, the *Lusitania*, and airships, to have included Italy and Switzerland, and perhaps Austria, in your walks abroad was to argue yourself a widely travelled person. You were positively an explorer had you been still further afield and traversed Northern Africa or Southern America. The Grand Tour, which completed every important young man's education, made Athens or St. Petersburg its very farthest outposts. To-day, South and Central America, Persia, China and Japan, India and the Antipodes are very often included. Europe is now but a conveniently near stretch of country in which to obtain change of air and scene, or over which to run the car every now and again. Only Cook's dignify its exploration by the name of "tour." Youthful Royalty, especially, has of late taken to touring in distant Continents. Prince William of Sweden has just completed a memorable time in America, and both the Crown Prince of Servia and the

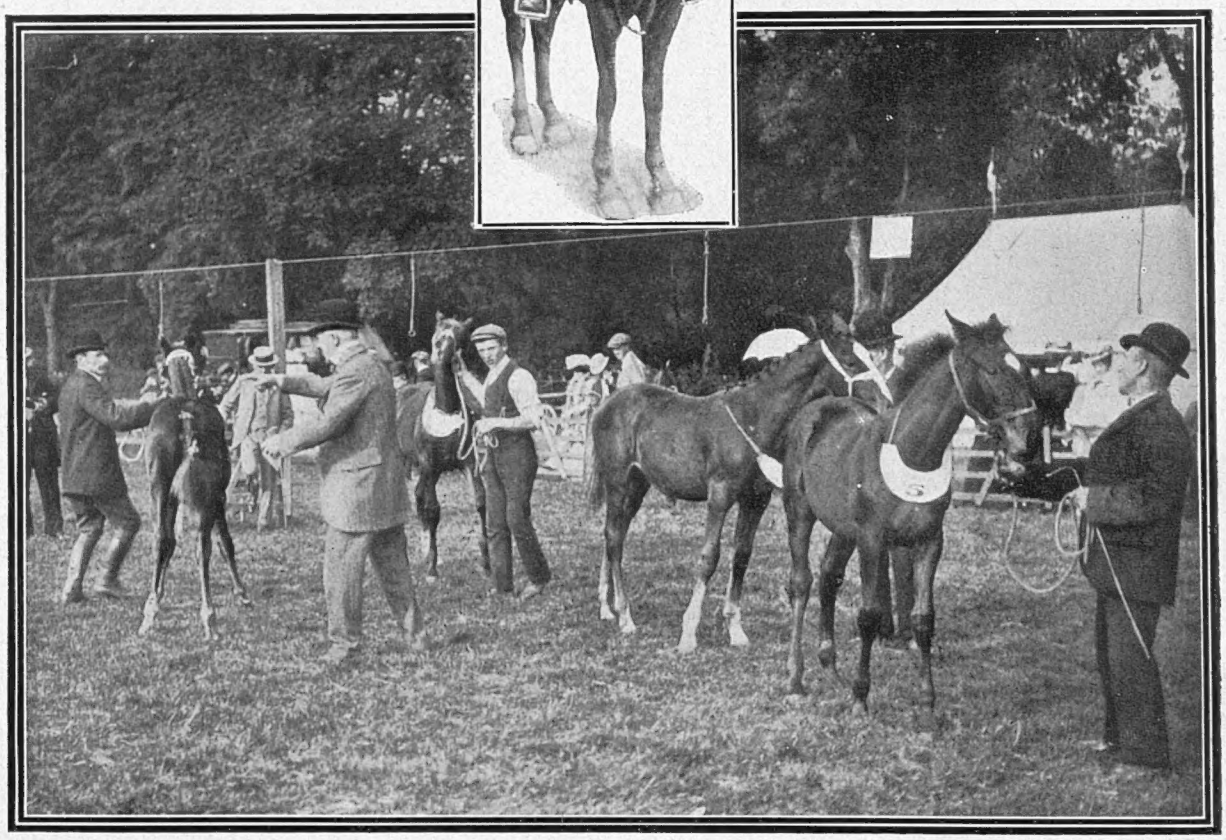
# The Borrowash Foal Show

## FESTIVITIES AND A GYMKHANA AT LORD HARRINGTON'S ESTATE



Lady Harrington, Earl Manvers, and Mr. Curdie watching the proceedings from a comfortable coign of vantage

The Earl of Harrington directing the proceedings



*Photos*] **The Tenants' Foal Show: Mr. R. Brockton's winning group** [*Graphic Photo Agency*

Last Thursday was given over to festivities and merry-makings on Lord Harrington's Borrowash Estate, the occasion having been the Foal Show and Gymkhana. His lordship encourages his tenants to breed hunters and cart-horses, and at the Foal Show many fine animals were to be seen. The winning competitors were bred in the stables of Mr. Brockton, said to be the oldest trainer of steeplechasers. The owner of each foal wins £4. The proceedings closed with a gymkhana, in which Lord Harrington himself judged the events, assisted by Earl Manvers and Mr. Richard Forte

# Lord Ashtown v. Tim Healy

Crown Prince of Portugal have gone outside Europe on their "Grand Tours." Our photograph is of Prince Frederic Henry of Prussia, who has been travelling in South as well as German East Africa. He is shown talking to Sir William Crundall, the German Consul, at Dover.

* * *

**A Foolish Princess**

By her marriage, at a Registry Office in the Strand, with Signor Enrico Toselli, a Florentine professor of music, the Princess Marie Antoinette Louise of Tuscany,

**Lord Ashtown under Cross-examination**
At the recent trial, as the result of which his lordship was vindicated from any complicity in the recent bomb outrage at his shooting lodge

*Reproduced by kind permission of the "Daily Graphic"*

daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and divorced wife of the reigning King of Saxony, has, from a worldly point of view at any rate, by no means gained public sympathy for her cause. Alone, living in romantic seclusion, deprived of and fighting for her maternal rights, she was a pathetic, always interesting, personality. Married, and to a Florentine music-master of no particular distinction, she sinks at once to the level of the commonplace, the unromantic, and in doing so loses her hold of the sympathies of the world. Poor Princess! Worldly wisdom is not hers in large measure, but then it never yet formed part of the Hapsburg armoury. If heredity counts for anything, therefore, she should be excused and forgiven much.

**Extenuation**

The great-granddaughter of the frivolous Duchesse du Berri, the Princess, straight from a convent, was forced against her will to marry the Saxon Crown Prince. She ignored, in accordance with all the laws of the Medes and the Germans, many and obvious indignities—the Prince was no model husband, and all Dresden knew it. She managed to be bright and lively in a Court which, by its dulness and Teutonic stiffness, would have depressed an undertaker. Her high spirits and modern ideas always annoyed the old King. Constantly he complained of her lack of dignity and solemnity. She was fond of her cousins, the Princesses Elvira, Alice, and Beatrice, daughters of Don Carlos. The Princess Elvira eloped with an artist. The husband of Princess Alice continually petitions the Pope to dissolve his union. Boredom, repression, the starvation of all her best and most womanly instincts, hatred of her husband, all this and more conduced to the flight of the convent-bred wife. She must have possessed, at least, high courage ever to break away. Her infatuation for Giron happened opportunely. It gave her a chance of freedom, excitement, variety; the restless Hapsburg blood, which never knows what it wants, was stirred at last. Giron was the way out. She took it; but he left her, and now the unhappy Princess makes yet another desperate bid for happiness. One can but wish it her. She has had none so far, and she deserves as much as any of us—a little more, perhaps.

* * *

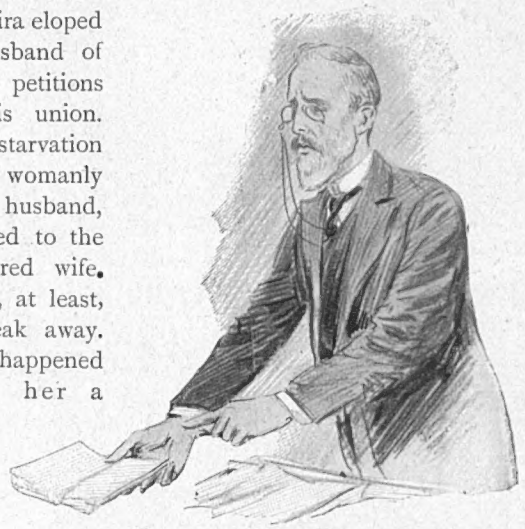
**A Satisfactory Treaty**

From the British standpoint, the new Treaty with Russia may be considered satisfactory. The long chapter of Anglo-Russian rivalry in Asia, which has, time after time, brought us to the brink of war, which compelled us to keep an eternally watchful eye at once on the Bosphorus, the Persian Gulf, Afghanistan, Tibet, and China, lest, by being caught napping in any one place, we lost a point in the game of world-Empire—this should now be brought to a decisive end. We have conceded the Russian "influence" over Northern Persia; Russia has conceded ours over the Eastern section which borders Beluchistan, and has also admitted our tacit suzerainty over Afghanistan. So far as the Persian Gulf is concerned, the notes exchanged between Sir Edward Grey and the Russian Foreign Office place on record our "special interests" in that waterway. As an historic document, the Treaty is one of the most important of modern times — may it be the precursor of a lasting peace.

* * *

**The Moral Question**

It is not for us to go into the moral question involved — the question whether the absorption of ancient empires, with a definite civilisation and a culture thousands of years old, into the "spheres of influence" of Western Powers—is a good or a bad thing for the world. Imperial interests, I suppose, and the cause of International peace, must be the first consideration of a Foreign Minister, though there were once statesmen — Canning, Palmerston, and Gladstone—who construed it to be Britain's first duty to protect weak nationalities from strong. We do not hear much of that point of view nowadays, so businesslike have we all become.



**Mr. Tim Healy, M.P., questions Lord Ashtown about his Irish Outrage Pamphlets**
Mr. Healy, representing the Clonmel District Council, contended that the explosion was a bogus one

*Reproduced by kind permission of the "Daily Graphic"*

# Bargain Hunting Begins—The First Meet

## THE SEASON OPENS WITH A BRISK RUN IN REGENT STREET

**The Scene Outside Dickins and Jones's on Tuesday, the 24th ult., at the Sale of Lewis and Allenby's Stock**

Brisk sport was enjoyed by bargain hunters at the first great meet of the season (the sale of Messrs. Lewis and Allenby's stock by Messrs. Dickins and Jones, who have taken over that old-established firm's business). The going (behind the glass doors labelled "Full") was excellent, and the scent was keen. Thanks, however, to the more humane notions now in vogue at these hunts, the salesmen were not, when run to ground, subjected to any mangling, while corkscrewing was barred (*Specially taken for* THE BYSTANDER)

# A Lady Balloon Owner

**Lady Aeronauts**

I sometimes wonder if, say, three lady aeronauts went up all alone in a balloon and got lost and never came down again, what would they do? You can't smoke cigarettes for ever and ever. There is such an eternal silence up there, it is pure sacrilege to chatter. Not being men, rather than stand up, grin, and bear it, they would sit down, weep, and be bored by it—and that would be fatal! That is why men, on the whole, are so much happier than women. They only think when it is necessary. They don't keep on thinking little tiny niggling thoughts all the time. Their brains, nearly always, are a healthy blank. It was, I believe, Mrs. Iltid Nicholl, Mr. Frank Butler's intrepid aeronautic daughter, who once declared in print that the most delightful experience to be encountered in ballooning was the realisation for the first time of the meaning and beauty of absolute silence—"a singularly valuable experience for a woman."

* * *

**Mrs. Assheton Harbord**

It is not to be believed that women like the silence. Still, they must like something (probably the gamble) in ballooning, for the list of lady enthusiasts lengthens almost daily. One of the most energetic and enthusiastic of lady members of the Aero Club is the Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord. She is a Colonial, a native of Melbourne, and she was a rich widow (Mrs. Arthur Blackwood) when, two or three years ago, she married Captain Assheton Harbord, Lord Suffield's brother. Twice Mrs. Harbord has crossed the Channel in a balloon. On neither occasion was the weather particularly propitious. Once they trailed through water and encountered snow and hail storms; but the rising sun, declares Mrs. Harbord, compensated for all the discomfort of the journey. From the height they were at, it was superb, a sight possible only for aeronauts—and the gods.

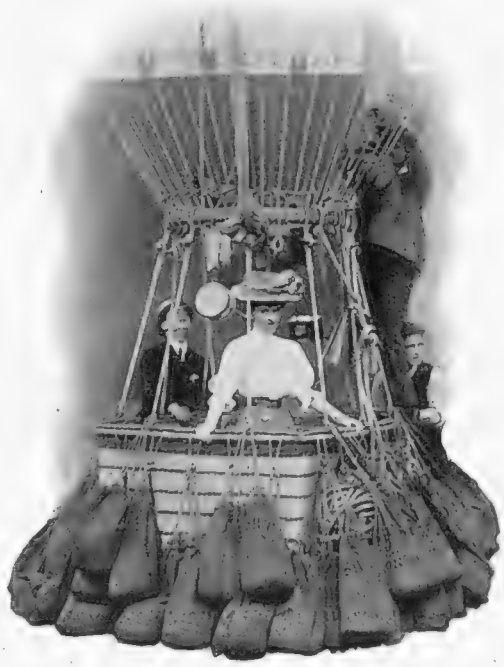


*Photo* *Halftones, Ltd.*

**A Lady Balloon Owner**

The Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord, already the owner of several large balloons, has added another to her fleet. Our photograph shows the new "Valkyrie," 60,000 cubit feet capacity, which ascended on the 21st ult. Mrs. Harbord is seen ready for the trip

* * *

**Is Our Army Ahead of the Continent?**

Can it be that, for once, the British Army has proved itself more advanced in the arts of warfare than those of the Continent? The very suggestion will cause a shock of incredulity in the reader, and yet, on the surface of it, I am inclined to suspect, from a comparison of the recent manœuvres of France and Germany with our own little affair up Aylesbury way, that it is so. Much paraded has been the statement that the Kaiser's manœuvres at Höxter have been on the lines of actual, rather than mimic warfare. This may be. It all depends on what is your idea of the real conditions of war. To the casual eye there seems to have been about both the German and the French manœuvres a good deal that is very old-fashioned. So far as tactics are concerned, those of the Kaiser seem to be much the same as obtained in 1870. As then, we have skirmishing lines, supports, main body, bayonet charge, flags flying and trumpets sounding, the soldier loaded up to the eyes with impedimenta, the Kaiser and his officers ditto, with emblems of rank and glory. Possibly, the next great Continental war will be, spectacularly, much the same as the campaigns of 1866 and 1870, the only difference being in subtle points of detail, and, of course, in the nature of the weapons and communications used. One has always to remember that "actual warfare," as understood by France and Germany, means war with each other—which will be on very much the same lines, and over the same battlefields, as in 1870.

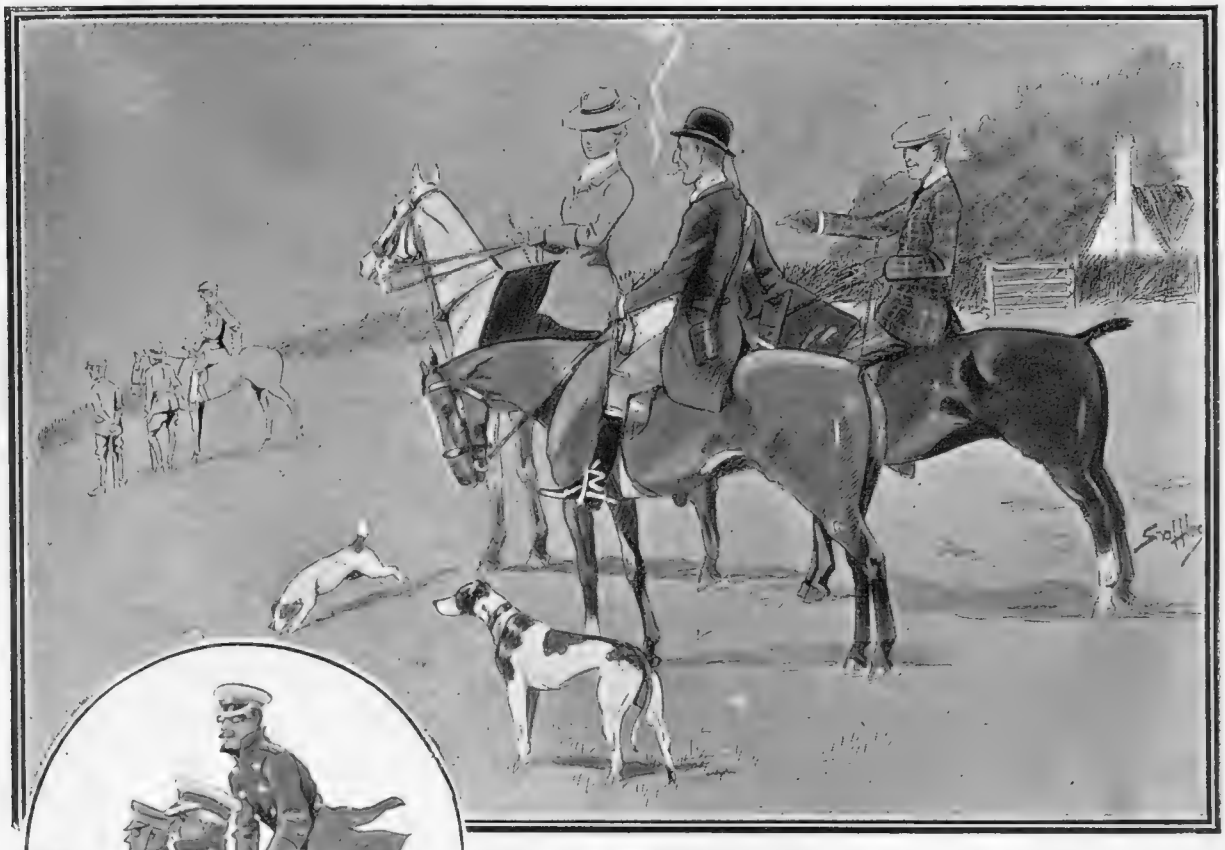
* * *

**Quiet Manœuvres**

I am inclined to think that our own Army has got ahead of the Continent in the art of abstract warfare, because, at the Aylesbury manœuvres, the show-business of warfare has been conspicuously absent. Our men, clad in khaki, move about swiftly, silently, not in serried ranks, with the air of men on business. The foe does not trail conspicuous across the horizon; he is invisible. The air is rent by no thunderous roar of guns. Only a casual crack here—a puff of smoke there. Nothing to disturb the pastoral serenity of a September countryside. Pictorially, there was not, throughout the manœuvres, the material for one suitable "double centre" page in THE BYSTANDER, and yet, when I come to think of it, neither was there such a scene throughout the Boer War. There are hundreds of survivors of that campaign who will tell you that in all their service they never once set eyes on the enemy in the flesh—who have scarcely one "memorable scene" worth the description. The French and Germans may be right, but I retain the impression that our own manœuvres, in their quiet, unobtrusive way, are nearer the conditions of actual warfare than the pompous displays at Höxter and La Rochefoucauld.

# Conditions of Actual Warfare?

## OUR QUIET, BUT NONE THE LESS "REALISTIC" MANŒUVRES AT AYLESBURY



Like Real War? County people watching the operations

Motoring over the Battlefields: Gen. French (in command)

*Left to right*: Major-Gen. Maxwell, Gen. Sir John French, Col. de la P. Gough, H.R.H. Duke of Connaught, Sir Henry Aubrey Fletcher, M.P.

**The Battle of Dorton Hill: Distinguished spectators**

Much has been said as to the realistic character of the French and German manœuvres, of which the papers have lately been full, and some criticism has been made of the exceedingly quiet and un-showy nature, by comparison, of our own manœuvres, which is borne out by the above sketches. It is, however, open to question (see opposite page) whether manœuvres such as these, where pomp and circumstance are noticeably lacking, are not really more like the "conditions of actual warfare" than the German manœuvres, which have been very much on the grandiose and, consequently, the old-fashioned plan

*BY "SNAFFLES"*

# Actress, ex-Peeress, and Manager

**Autumn Weddings this Week**

The autumn wedding season opens to-day with the marriage of Lady Clare Noel, youngest daughter of Lord Gainsborough, to Mr. Charles King, of the Coldstreams, at Exton Park, Oakham; and to-morrow, in Town, with the marriages of Miss Isabelle Sassoon and Mr. Humphreys Owen, and of Lady Dorothy Legge and Mr. F. Meynell. The Noels, who are Catholics, have owned land and estates in Warwickshire and in Rutlandshire since the reign of Henry I. One of their most interesting ancestors was a certain Sir Andrew Noel. He was renowned for his grace of person, magnificence of living, his valour, and his extravagance, but he was a great favourite with Queen Elizabeth, who said of him, in vile verse, in a distich on his name:

> The word of denial and letter of fifty,
> Is that gentleman's name who never was thrifty.

* * *

**—And Next Week's Batch**

Next week Lord Calthorpe's only daughter, Constance, marries Mr. Wrixon-Becher at Elvetham; and, two days later, the marriage of the Duke of Roxburghe's brother and heir-presumptive, Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, with Miss Anne Breese is fixed to take place at St. George's, Hanover Square. Miss Breese is the stepdaughter of Mr. Harry Higgins, of Covent Garden Opera fame, and is the intimate friend of the American-loving Princess "Patsey" of Connaught. She is a taller, bigger, not so quiet edition of her pretty sister, Eloise, who is now married to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, Lord Ancaster's son and heir, and who is, at the present moment, entertaining a large party for deer-stalking at their lodge in Glenartney Forest, Perthshire. Other weddings fixed for the next few weeks are those of Miss Mary Dancey and the Hon. G. W. Winn, Captain Stanley Clarke and Miss Evelyn Baird, and Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain and Mr. Alfred Clayton Cole (Director of the Bank of England).

* * *

**Two Aldermen**

It is a coincidence that in the week that the "Grand Old Man" of the City, Sir Andrew Lusk, should have attained his ninety-seventh year, the youngest member of the Corporation of the City of London, Mr. Murray Guthrie, should have had to resign owing to ill-health. Sir Andrew, a native of Ayrshire, sat in the House of Commons for twenty years as a Liberal Member for Finsbury, during which period he was elected Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Murray Guthrie is also a Scotsman, but he is of rather a different type and class of man from that usually associated with the Aldermanic office. He owns Duart Castle, Isle of Mull, and has considerable and very valuable London properties. For some time past, he has been in bad health, and his resignation of his position as Alderman for Cornhill Ward was, therefore, not unexpected, though much regretted.

*Photo* *Dover Street Studios*

**The Second ex-Lady Rosslyn**

In order to drown sad memories, she has decided to return to the stage and take up management. It is to be hoped that better fortune will attend her career as manager than favoured her in that of matrimony. In future, she is to be known by her original name of Anna Robinson

# Some Autumn Weddings

*Photo Kate Pragnell*

**Lady Clare Noel**

Whose wedding to Mr. C. M. King, of the Coldstream Guards, is arranged for to-day (Wednesday)

*Photo Stephanie Maud*

**Miss Mary Dancey**

Marrying the Hon. George William Winn on October 15

*Photo Lallie Charles*

**Miss Anne Breese**

Whose marriage with Lord Alastair Innes-Ker takes place on October 10

*Photo Thomson*

**Miss Isabelle Sassoon**

To marry Mr. Arthur Humphreys Owen on Thursday, October 3

**MOSLEM UNREST: A MEMORY OF "FUZZY WUZZY'S" FIGHTING APTITUDE: THE FAMOUS CHARGE OF THE DERVISHES AT OMDURMAN IN 1898**

The danger of the white races having another taste of the African Moslem's fighting quality has again arisen in West Africa, whence acute "unrest" is reported. The belief in a "Jehad," or Holy War, is ever present among the Mohammedans all over Africa

*(From a drawing by Frank Dadd after sketches by the late W. T. Maud, reproduced from* THE GRAPHIC *of* ***September 24, 1898****)*

# The Latest Jewel Robbery Victim

**The Latest Jewel Robbery Victim**

Lady Suffield, Mrs. Assheton Harbord's mother-in-law, is the latest victim of the fashionable jewel robbery wave. The loss of the jewels—some particularly valued as the gift to her friend, Lady Suffield, of Queen Alexandra—was discovered at Cromer, so much of which highly popular watering-place belongs to Lord Suffield. Gunton Park, the gates of which are almost in the town, and Harbord House, are both Cromer residences of the Suffields, who always spend the summer and autumn months there; and at Overstrand Hall, their son-in-law, Lord Hillingdon's place outside Cromer, Princess Victoria is often a guest, and it was here she first learned golf. Lord Hillingdon, it will be remembered, was taken ill there while golfing a week or so ago. Lady Suffield, who is a sister of the first Lord Revelstoke and of Lord Cromer, has long enjoyed the intimate friendship of the ladies of the Royal Family, and her husband has been in the service of the Crown for something like half a century.

*Photo* *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond St.*

**Lady Suffield**

The victim of a serious jewel robbery at Cromer. Among her losses were several gifts from Queen Alexandra

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**Moslem Unrest—A New Danger**

News of Moslem unrest anywhere always causes an uneasy feeling in European diplomatic circles. When the unrest originates in the bazaars in Cairo, Stambul, or Calcutta, it may be taken with a grain of salt as mere sound and fury—the work of professional agitators. But when we hear of symptoms from outlying parts of Islam, that is the time to look out. As we have realised on the Indian Frontier and in Somaliland, fanatics of the "Mad Mullah" type are by no means to be despised, and their power to inflame is immeasurably greater than that of a Khiamil Pasha or a Banerjee. The news of unrest in Western Africa, in the hinterland of the Gold Coast, and among the Mohammedans of Nigeria generally, cannot be ignored, in view of the actual war now going on in Morocco. It is said there that there is a belief among the tribes of the coming arrival in their midst of a "prophet, sword in hand." Once expected, there is never much delay in the appearance of such a personage, whether he come to-day or to-morrow. It must be remembered that Mohammedanism abounds from West to East of Africa, and that any prophet, arising anywhere, might command, very suddenly, an overwhelming following. For many years past, there has been a feeling that the arrival of the Jehad, or Holy War, is near. The rally of all the Moslems in Africa, under the banner of one prophet, accompanied by the mutiny of Moslems now serving under European flags, would be a most terrible eventuality.

*Photo* *Russell*

**Sir Andrew Lusk**

The oldest Alderman of the City, who celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday last week

*Photo* *Thomson*

**Major Holford, C.I.E., C.V.O.**

Equerry-in-Waiting to the King, on whom he has been in attendance during the recent Royal visit to Scotland

# Bridge and Island Cities: THREE OF THE BEST KNOWN

### GHENT

Ghent, being the meeting-place of numerous waterways, canals, and rivers alike, is very much a "bridge and island city." It is divided into twenty-six islands, which are connected by bridges, large and small, to the number of 270. At Ghent—the old capital of Flanders—Flemish art and architecture are to be seen at their best

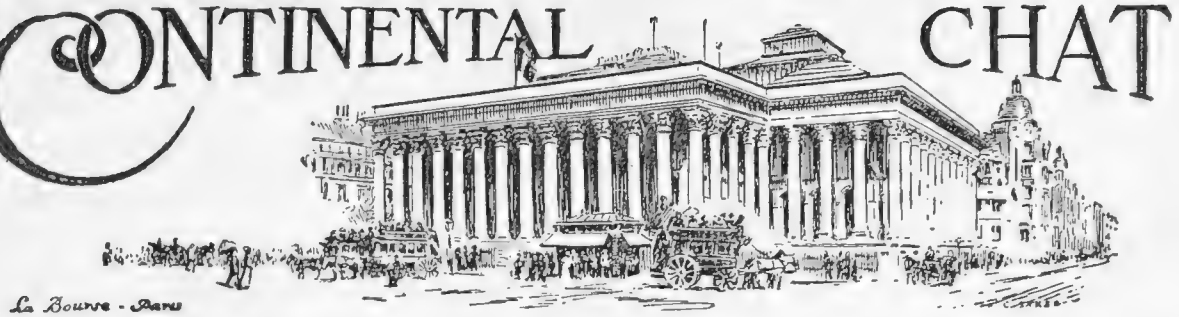
### AMSTERDAM

Amsterdam is a veritable spider's web of water. Canals innumerable almost encircle it, starting from the Ij, and returning thereto, with the result that you cannot walk in any direction from the centre (the Plein) without having your path crossed, at every hundred yards or so, by one of them. Though gratifying enough to the eye, Amsterdam forces the nose into an attitude of exclusiveness, for its waterways are by no means highly sanitary

### VENICE

The Earl's Court of Italy, Venice is, to the London tourist, a veritable home-from-home. Its canals number 146, and are filled with real water, spanned by real bridges (378) of stone and iron. The waters are navigated by gondolas, manned by more or less romantic-looking gondoliers, with a language that sounds better than it is

# CONTINENTAL CHAT




### The Morocco "Chestnuts"

The Morocco trouble has brought out the disadvantage of meddling with the affairs of other countries. Here are France and Spain engaged in the rather silly and ignominious "job" of extracting the chestnuts from the fire for the benefit of—whom? Not of France or Spain, who, by the self-denying ordinance of Algeciras, are prevented from deriving any personal advantage from the costly efforts they are making to restore peace in that turbulent country. They have even, in a sort of a way, to apologise for the trouble they are taking, and to assure Germany that they have not the slightest idea of getting any advantage for themselves. There are, of course, wheels within wheels in every Foreign Office, in Berlin especially. Dr. von Muelberg, who is the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is a pupil of Herr von Holstein, who was always supposed to be the inspirer of any difficulties with France. He loves not the French, but is strongly in favour of good relations with Great Britain. A young man of less than forty, scholarly, typically diplomatic in his manner, discreet, and *intrigant*; a man who, with an appearance of frankness, all the Diplomatic Corps in Berlin regard with, shall I say, a certain half-hearted distrust. In other words, they like but suspect him. The late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Baron von Richthofen, was a really frank and charming man, whom everybody liked; but to those who offended him, like the correspondent of a leading London newspaper, he was unrelenting. Like many German aristocrats, too, he was extremely sensitive, even touchy. On the Baron's death, Herr von Muelberg was expected, particularly by himself, to succeed his chief, and there was not a little surprise when the Prussian representative at the Hanse town of Hamburg was singled out by the Emperor. It was said at the time that the Emperor intended to give Herr von Muelberg an Embassy in compensation, but he is still at the Wilhelmstrasse. Often one hears two totally different stories from Berlin, and the reason is obvious. Foreign Office jealousies are notorious, but nowhere in Europe are they so persistent as at Berlin, where they are conducted by means of notes to different organs of the Press. Thus it is unwise to pay too much attention to what the German papers say about foreign affairs. The truth is, the Emperor is perfectly satisfied to let France and Spain pull each other's chestnuts out of the fire, so long as they eat them, share and share alike, with Germany.

**A Royal Snapshot**

The King of Siam and M. Fallières walking in the Bois, snapshotted by the Crown Prince of Siam, who, with his father, has fallen a victim to "kodaking." This picture is reproduced by his Majesty's special permission

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### Franco-German Relations

In France the feeling against Germany has not been improved by the present Morocco affair. After all, was the German game worth the candle? Was it necessary to humiliate France? A little incident known to me shows how strong the feeling is. The Municipal Council of a leading German city recently sounded the Municipal Council of a leading French city as to an exchange of visits. All seemed to go well till the official meeting of the French Council, when nobody had the courage to stick to his private opinion, and the Mayor alone was authorised to accept the German invitation. Still, it is a good sign for the better that even the Mayor is allowed to go to the still-hated Fatherland. In France, as elsewhere, people often have a great deal more courage in their private than in their public opinions, and anyone who sets the example of living up to the former deserves more praise than he usually gets.

* * *

### France's Coming Men—Who are They?

I was talking some days ago with a leading French politician as to who were the coming men in politics. It seems that there is a feeling here that France is not on her usual level in this respect. My interlocutor observed that Waldeck-Rousseau was the last of the truly great administrators, and that the chances of the future lay really between two men—M. Millerand, who was Minister of Commerce under Waldeck-Rousseau, and M. Briand, who is at present Minister of Public Instruction. M. Millerand never had a chance of showing his real powers. In a steady, quiet way, he impressed his colleagues in the Ministries on which he served with a sense of his possessing great reserve force in his character and in his understanding the character of his countrymen.

A friend who knew and knows M. Loubet well tells me that the ex-President has a very high opinion of "*le petit Millerand*," and looked upon him as the coming man. Unfortunately, Party dissensions have interfered with his political career, and for the present his position is a somewhat undefined one. M. Briand, on the other hand, has shown tact and ability in a very difficult task, and he has succeeded in drawing the sympathy of the nation to his side by producing an impression that he stood for moderation, while his Clerical opponents have produced the contrary impression of being intractable. This is no small baggage for a politician, and as he is a comparatively young man—only forty-five years of age—he has started on his political life with a first-class ticket. M. Briand is a Breton, born at Nantes, an advocate by profession and a journalist by choice, having been editor of the *Lanterne*. Although a Breton, he does not sit for a Breton constituency, but represents a division of St. Etienne. He made his first appearance in Parliament only five years ago, when he was elected by a small majority against a leading employer of labour in the district.

* * *

### Parisian Ideas for Persia

Persia is taking a leaf out of the book of Japan. A year ago the Shah granted Constitutional Government to his country, and now Persia has her Parliament. France served as the model. The Shah was ever fond of Paris and her learning and genius, and fifteen Frenchmen are engaged in organising higher education on the model of the Paris schools. The Persians have equal distrust of young and old legislators, so only those are qualified for election who are over thirty and under seventy. They must also be able to read and write! *Cela ne va pas sans dire* in Persia.

* * *

### A King and His Kodak

Having celebrated the success of his cure at Homburg by banqueting the municipal authorities on his birthday and presenting the poor of the district with £1,200, the King of Siam has returned to Paris, whence preparations are to be made for his journey back to his own kingdom. His Majesty's European tour, when finally completed, will have been one of the most elaborate and expensive ever undertaken by an Eastern potentate. In what may be called "personal extras" the King has always gone the whole hog. Thus, falling an early victim to the photographic craze, he immediately ordered a dozen cameras of the latest pattern, and "pressed the button" so assiduously, and in so many interesting places, that a giant stock of negatives soon accumulated. Very varied in subject-matter are these Royal photographs. There are bathing scenes at Ostend, seascape effects in Norway, domestic incidents at Grand Ducal homes in Germany which the King and his sons visited, Buckingham Palace from the outside (perhaps the least inspiring of any of the snapshots!), and the King and President Fallières walking arm-in-arm in the Bois at Paris. This last snapshot, taken by the Crown Prince of Siam, we reproduce by the King's special permission.

*Photo* *Clarke and Hyde*

**After the Catch was Over**

Mr. F. L. Wright, of Stourbridge, and Mr. Cyril Ebsworth, of Rednal, with their boatman, Bolwell, bringing in a morning's catch of trout from Blagden Lake, near Bristol. This was composed of a 4¼ lb. brown trout, one 4 lb., two 14 oz., two 10 oz., and two 8 oz. rainbow-trout

# Fox-hunting à la Française

## WHERE SPORTSMEN TREAT RENARD WITH SCANT RESPECT

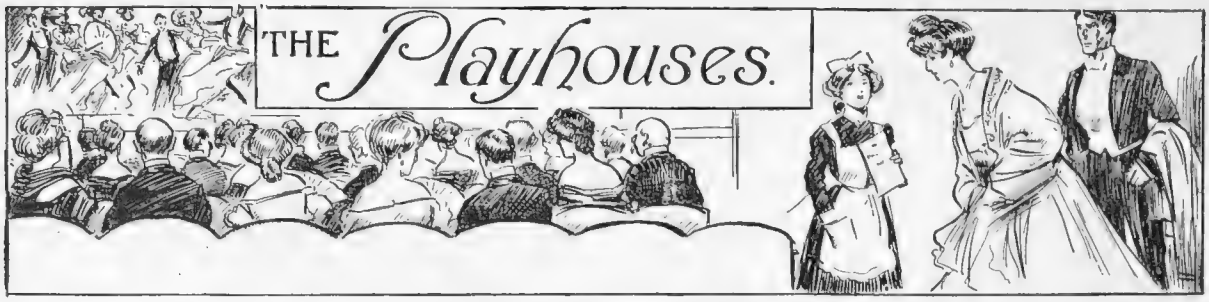
Digging Out a Fox: An injured terrier being taken from the hole

Renard Makes an Unwilling Appearance upon the Scene

**How the Fox is Brought from his Lair**
Note the wooden pincers by means of which the animal is dragged into the daylight

**The Kill! An ignominious death at the hands—or rather teeth—of half a dozen terriers**

How widely French and English ideas of fox-hunting differ is well demonstrated by the photographs on this page. Though, of course, Renard is hunted in the approved English fashion in several districts, in most quarters he is held of small account, and is "hunted" with small terriers in the same way as badgering is carried out in England. The terriers used for the purpose are most game little beasts, and a case was recently reported of a dog belonging to a well-known French Count which remained underground for over twenty-two hours!




By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

**FAME!**

Everything comes to him who waits, but Fame halts most upon the journey. For long I have waited for the recognition which is due to the earnestness, common sense, and occasional flashes of intelligence which distinguish my chronicles upon theatrical affairs. This long-expected recognition has come — all the way from India. The Editor is inclined to believe that the remarkable letter from the Palace Treasury, Fort Mysore (South India), has been inspired by the up-to-dateness of THE BYSTANDER, by the faculty which this journal possesses of pushing its way into out-of-the-way places. I, on the contrary, hug the notion that, but for me, Ananda Rao would have speeded his soulful requisition into the offices of another journal.

The letter, beautifully typewritten, and adorned as to its opening with a one anna stamp (India postage) of a delicate pink, is treasured in the archives of the office. Its contents are as follows :—

From C. ANANDA RAO, Palace Treasury, Fort Mysore (South India).

*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.*

DEAR SIR,

I fear I am trespessing over your valuable time, but, Dear Sir, it is a matter of common interest to you in general but Special interest to me and us in particular. Hence the intrusion which, I dare say, you dont much mind but kindly do justice to the requisition contained hereunder and oblige :—

Many people here in Mysore State and others in Southern India are very anxious to introduce some of the best Dramatists into the other countries of the World by means of their Photos being printed and published in some of the most popular and Leading Journals both Local and Foreign. Hence the selection of the "Bystander"! By introducing these Photos—nay these Dramatists—the Public, Strangers to the former, may have the opportunity of noting to include these experts among so many others of their stamp heretofore exhibited in the "Bystander," thus letting these genial Actors have an opportunity of visiting the Foreign Countries in their several best Dramatic Styles, thro' the only best medium of the Standerby—Mr. "Bystander"!!

I hope you will not fail to agree with us in thinking that this is a matter worth its suggestions but it only rests with you to kindly give it your valuable and best possible help to see that our desire is fully accomplished *free of cost, if any.*

Under these circumstances I beg of you to kindly arrange for a small margin in the "Bystander" being allowed for us to introduce these best and competent men in such a World-renowned Journal which you have the honor to circulate among thousands and millions!

Of course immediate Necessary steps will be taken in arranging to send the Photos on receipt of your very kind reply.

Enclosed please find one Penny stamp to cover the postage of your reply which I await and expect with ever so much pleasure & anxiety.—I remain, Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

C. ANANDA RAO.

N.B.—The Dress worn in all cases will be in the manner of the Indians for Vernacular Dramas and English Dress for English Dramas.

*Photo* *Hana*

**Mr. Pelissier as Hamlet (burlesque version) at Terry's Theatre**

The Follies are nightly making large audiences hold their aching sides with laughter at Terry's Theatre, where they are giving an intensely solemn burlesque of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. Mr. Pelissier is playing the title-rôle, while Mr. Lewis Sydney and Miss Gwennie Mars appear as the King and Ophelia respectively

The thoughts called up by this best and most competent letter are legion, but one thought predominates. In distant Mysore there is a man who is thinking to-day what his countrymen will be thinking to-morrow. Of this stamp of men Press agents are made. The prophetic mantle of the Press agent cloaks the shoulders of Ananda Rao. He has seen that actors may be ever so genial and dramatists ever so best in his own country, but their fame is but a farthing rush until they are boomed in England. Ananda Rao is paving the way for a great invasion of Indian dramatists into England. He knows, wise man, that the time is ripe for such an invasion. He has heard the wail of the playgoer go up in England, and hastens to render first aid to the afflicted crying aloud for good plays by introducing to these sick ones his talented countrymen both in vernacular and in English dramas. When

# Shavians at the Savoy

(1) In the Stalls (Half a Guinea)

(2) In the Circle (Seven and Sixpence)

(3) In the Pit (Half a Crown)

(5) One of our future Monuments?

(4) In the Gallery (A Bob)

THE AUDIENCE AT "YOU NEVER CAN TELL," AS SEEN FROM THE FRONT

*SKETCHED BY CHAS. SYKES*

these magicians begin to appear in the margin of THE BYSTANDER (it is needless to say that Mr. Rao's requisition will be answered in the affirmative by Mr. Standerby), Mr. G. B. Shaw will have to look to his laurels. Even he cannot withstand the onslaught of a small horde of native dramatists war-dancing in the margins of a journal which numbers its thousands and millions (our publisher wishes to express his appreciation of Mr. Ananda Rao's afterthought). As I write, the horrid suspicion seizes me that Mr. Ananda Rao has addressed his requisition to other journals. If he has (and especially if they should appear before October 2, our two hundredth number), I should never get over the blow.

*SAVOY THEATRE*

**"Joy"**

The Vedrenne-Barker management has given so much to the public—finished acting, intelligent stage management, productions distinguished by ideas and cleverness—that the public instinctively asks for more. It asks for a few more dramatists, for one can have too much even of such a good thing as Mr. G. B. Shaw. There can be no possible doubt whatever that the unknown playwright, with a play of ideas under his arm, would turn his steps towards the present lessees and managers of the Savoy Theatre, confident of this one thing: that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker would not hand him back the MSS. with the detestable phrase, "Not a penny in it, my boy." For Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, more than any other managers, have consistently applied to the plays submitted to them that artistic test which, in these degenerate days, is too often replaced by the commercial test. It is safe to say that, during their occupancy of the Court Theatre, Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker produced plays which no other manager would have dreamed of producing. Of the new playwrights they introduced to the public, Mr. John Galsworthy was among the most promising. His *Silver Box* was generally voted something quite out of the common. Consequently, the production of a new play by the same author as the first venture of the new tenants of the Savoy was, in every sense of the word, an "occasion."

*Photo* *Window and Grove*

**Mr. John Hare**

Who, it is reported, is soon to retire

In *Joy* Mr. Galsworthy gives fresh evidence of the powers of observation and insight into character which marked his first play. The simple-minded Colonel Hope, who is safe from harm so long as he does not trust to his own opinion; his wife, impractical in all matters, and a bundle of contradictions; Mrs. Gwyn, the grass-widow, who, owing no respect to her absent husband, seizes her last chance of love upon earth; the Hon. Maurice Lever, the "good fellow" with easy principles, who is the *cher ami* of Mrs. Gwyn; finally, Joy, the ardent, highly strung girl, who is roused into such a storm of passion and protest by the knowledge of her mother's wrong-doing. All these characters are drawn with Mr. Galsworthy's rare and subtle touches. The author is rather slow in coming to the point. It is not until the middle of the second act that the play begins to grip the interest.

The acting was uneven. Miss Dorothy Minto was splendid in the rôle of the girl Joy, which is full of opportunities for the actress, and Mr. A. E. George hit off the old Colonel to the life. But Miss Wynne Matthison, in the endeavour to gain effects by quiet methods, failed to give other than a drab and colourless performance. Mr. Allan Wade did not quite succeed in the difficult rôle of Dick Merton, a boy who is perilously near being a prig. E. C. S.

*ALDWYCH THEATRE*

We have at last, in the shape of *The Gay Gordons*, a musical play in which an attempt has been made to write up a plot, and, in consequence, playgoers are thronging to the Aldwych. However feeble the story may be, the mere announcement that there is a musical comedy running in London with such a rare innovation as a plot is sure to draw crowded houses. Therefore, *The Gay Gordons* may be pronounced a success. Mr. Seymour Hicks is responsible for a well-written book, but the story which he unfolds is a hopelessly unreal one. Would any educated and cultured girl go to such lengths as does Peggy Quainton, the daughter of an American millionaire? This young lady arrives in England in perfect terror of being drawn into a loveless marriage with some nobleman who desires only her money, and makes a vow to wed no one with a handle to his name. She meets, while masquerading in Scotland as a poor girl, Angus Graeme, a private in the Gordon Highlanders. The pair fall in love, and she confides her vow to him. Even him she would not marry, she tells him, if he were a nobleman. Of course, the fates decree that Angus shall turn out to be the long-lost heir to the Meltrose earldom and estates, and the romantic young lady, remembering her vow, decides to leave her lover for ever. But, in the end, love prevails, and the two are wed. This is the main idea of the story. Miss Ellaline Terriss invests the rôle of Peggy Quainton with infinite charm, and acts well all through. Mr. Seymour Hicks plays the part of Angus Graeme, afterwards Earl of Meltrose, with his usual dash and vigour, but his attempts at seriousness are not always successful. Miss Zena Dare is charming as Victoria Siddons, and Nervy Nat and Charlotte Siddons are humorously portrayed by Mr. Fred Emney and Miss Sydney Fairbrother. R. M.

*SCENES FROM*

# "THE SINS OF SOCIETY"

## AT DRURY LANE

*Photo* *Illustrations Bureau*

**The "Box Trick" upon which the Play Turns**

Driven desperate by debt, Lady Marion Beaumont is prevailed upon by Noel Ferrers to play the "box trick" upon Morris, the pawnbroker. That is to say, she purports to pawn a diamond tiara for £8,000, and, at the last moment, substitutes for the packet a box containing coal

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# Two Sensational Scenes

## IN "THE SINS OF SOCIETY" AT DRURY LANE

**One of the Great "Sensation" Scenes**

The troopship "Beachy Head" founders with the troops at the salute. Luckily, however, for the story, the hero, Dorian March, who is aboard, clings to a spar, and is picked up by a passing vessel

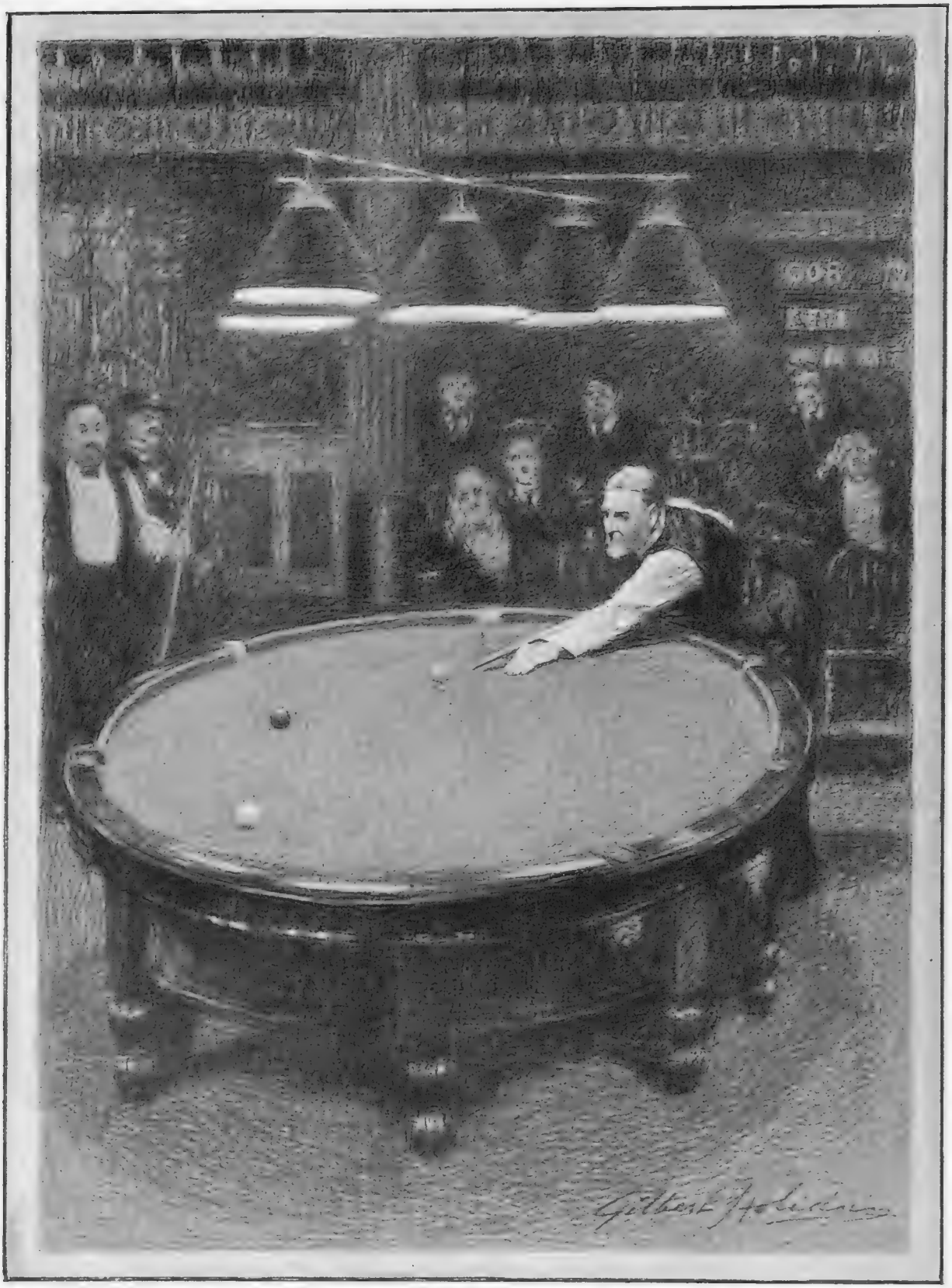
*Photos* *Illustrations Bureau*

**The Staging of the Marriage Ceremony**

Lady Gwendolen Ashley (Miss Adrienne Augarde) is saved at the very rails of the altar from a marriage with the villain, Noel Ferrers (Mr. Lyn Harding), by the timely arrival of the supposedly drowned hero, Dorian March (Mr. Julian L'Estrange). Some people may think it a "sin" of itself to make a religious ceremony the object of a sensational scene, but then, in this play, it is the "sins" of Society, not of dramatists, that are in question

# A Billiards Revolution

ROBERTS AND WEISS PLAY ON THE NEW OVAL BILLIARD TABLE AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB



Is the oval billiard table the table of the future? That is the question that is agitating the minds of cue-ists at the present moment. The oval table is the outcome of the revolt against the "anchor stroke," and the first match was played last week between John Roberts and Weiss at the National Sporting Club. The general impression seems to be that the new table, if it comes into general use, will lessen the great gulf fixed between amateurs and professionals, as its oval shape precludes the use of many "pretty" and intricate strokes

*DRAWN DURING THE PROGRESS OF PLAY BY GILBERT HOLIDAY*

*OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 98*

# THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND

By HERBERT H. VAHEY

MRS. JACK TRENTON had her own troubles. The world knew little or nothing about them, but they were none the less real on that account; no easier to bear because she had skilfully kept them out of the searching light of publicity. Indeed, the fact of concealment now threatened to add to, rather than diminish, her discomfiture. Tears of acute self-pity dimmed her eyes as she realised that the secret she had guarded so vigilantly, the one above all others she was anxious to protect, was about to rear itself from the kindly regions of concealed reality into the merciless light of revealed fact—to become "gossip-food" for the avid crowd which composed Mrs. Trenton's friends, acquaintances, and enemies.

Already the grim reminder of her invidious position was in her hands—no amount of tact or dexterity could relegate it again to the limbo of buried delusions. Her carefully hidden misfortune must now pass under the searchlight of public opinion and be judged, mercifully, she hoped, unmercifully, she feared.

She turned the unwelcome letter over again and re-read it. The words were painfully plain, the meaning unmistakable:—

DEAR PAULINE,—I'm beastly sorry to invade the quiet serenity of your present mode of life, but "needs must when"—you know the rest. I've tramped Cape Town barefooted, sold newspapers in Jo'burg, tried "chefing it" in a New York oyster bar—all to no purpose; now I long for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a"—new pair of boots. Seriously, I'm coming home—pathetic—prodigal—penitent! I'm bad and good-for-nothing, perhaps; but I do not think I am worse than most. You are bad and good-for-something, and better than most. Candid, isn't it? It's best for worldlings not to play the fool—with each other, at any rate. I know all about Captain Chancellor and Mrs. Jack Trenton; you know all about Lottie Westwood and yours humbly. Shall we cry quits and begin again?—Yours, as you wish, JACK.

Mrs. Trenton bit her lips and frowned. She did not appreciate this foreshadowed intrusion, nor the candour with which her husband had spoken of her shortcomings; but, most of all, she deplored the loss of freedom which his return entailed. She had buried Jack long ago, with all her other mistakes and failures; this sudden resurrection savoured somewhat of impertinence. The resuscitation of corpses, whether they be material or immaterial, is a breach of unwritten law; disquieting to the survivors, especially when they lay claim to some social distinction.

Mrs. Trenton threw herself back uneasily, for the futility of opposing fate, and the realisation of her own impotence to avert calamity—it was nothing less—exasperated her.

In this mood Captain Chancellor found her.

"Well, little woman," he said, with an exaggerated tenderness, "how are we to-day? Frowning? Isn't the sky so high as it was yesterday?"

"Oh! don't," exclaimed Mrs. Trenton, petulantly, "I'm utterly miserable, crushed——"

"Come, come, you've been up too late," suggested Chancellor, with a puzzled smile; "you're pale and——"

"Read!" interrupted Mrs. Jack, indicating, with woeful languidness, the letter lying face downwards on the floor.

Chancellor stooped and picked it up, looked at the signature, and whistled ominously.

"The skeleton wants to step out of the cupboard and play human again!" he said, looking over the top of the letter at her anxious face. "After nine years, too—surely decomposition ought to have done its work by this time."

Mrs. Trenton smiled wanly.

"The faithless stream is always dry when I want to bury my dead," she complained, "and Jack's was the corpse I buried deepest. Society has hunted and explored the interesting banks of my past history for years without success; but the flood seems to have concealed it so long, with the hideous intention of casting it into the full light of day when time has rendered it more unpleasant."

Chancellor's ready tongue could frame no solacing sentence. One cannot deny the existence of a skeleton when one hears the rattle of its bones; neither can one whisk a lawful—if inconvenient—husband out of the scheme of things by a clap of the hands. There are situations which humour cannot propitiate.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, striving to appear amused.

"I don't know," she answered faintly.

"There is no hint in the letter when the penitent intends to return."

"No, unfortunately; the humiliation is shrouded in unpleasant uncertainty."

Chancellor took a turn across the room, pulling his moustache in unmistakable distress.

"Apparently Lottie's light has set," he said, wheeling abruptly.

"Apparently," repeated Mrs. Trenton, wearily.

Chancellor resumed his walk. His thoughts were evidently far from pleasant. The sudden turn of events was not unexpected, but he did not relish the rapid change of a remote—though unavoidable—problem into one demanding immediate attention and solution. Men of the world who sit at the feet of women of the world are fully aware of the consequences of their folly. They do not expect to escape, but they are rarely prepared to meet the difficulty when it presents itself.

As is usual in such cases, his first consideration was to find a justification for his conduct. The thought

(*Continued on page 32*)

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# Appearing at the Haymarket

*Photo* *Dover Street Studios*

**Miss Eva Moore (Mrs. H. V. Esmond), who is shortly appearing in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" at the Haymarket**

*Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, which is to be produced at the Haymarket on October 5, is an adaptation by Mr. David Belasco of Mr. Egerton Castle's novel, "The Bath Comedy"

(*Continued from page 30*)

of Jack Trenton's desertion was a salve to his injured honour, but it did not elucidate the problem, or suggest a proper course of action when the penitent returned.

"Of course, I cannot stay here," said Mrs. Jack, breaking in on his reflections; "in fact, I cannot meet him at all."

Chancellor smiled and nodded. What she had just said gave him, at least, an idea of the direction in which to look for a solution. She would not meet him—that was something; on the other hand, it might only mean a postponement of the trouble. Trenton would, no doubt, search for his wife, and then—— Still, it would give him time—time was everything. Mrs. Trenton closed her eyes and shook her head perplexedly.

"You certainly cannot stay here," he said.

"Where can I go?" she asked simply. "We used to know the Elleson-Howes. I wonder if Kitty would have me at Lyndhurst. I haven't been to see her for years, but I'm sure she'll forgive me—I'll tell her all about it. I feel sure she won't mind."

"Lyndhurst will do as well as Tibet," said Chancellor drily. "Go to Kitty and leave your husband to me."

He spoke as if he had already decided what to do when he met Trenton; but at the moment he had not the faintest notion.

"Kitty's a dear," went on Mrs. Trenton, joyfully. "She used to know Jack; I'm sure she'll sympathise."

"Above all things let us have sympathy," laughed Chancellor sarcastically. Mrs. Jack tried to smile.

"But I'm sure she'll help me as well," she persisted.

"Well, go to Lyndhurst and arouse Kitty's compassion. I'll stay here and welcome the prodigal. I won't fall on his neck and kiss him—but I'll do my best to keep him off the scent."

Mrs. Trenton gave a sigh of relief.

"I'll go to-morrow," she said, in a tone of decision.

Chancellor nodded approvingly, lit a cigarette, took up his hat, and, with an affectionate farewell, departed.

When he had gone, Mrs. Trenton packed up the hundred and one absolutely essential things for her journey, and spent the remainder of the evening in a retrospective survey of her life previous to the advent of Captain Chancellor. It was painful, but the pain proceeded from the contemplation of her husband's failings; all that was bright in it seemed inextricably mixed with her own long-suffering and forbearance. These conclusions were forced upon her; they were not the result of any conscious effort of her own. Egotistical as she was, she did not wish to be unfair to Jack. If she could have discovered any worthiness in the character of her absent husband she would unhesitatingly have acknowledged it and given him the credit. Any injustice she did to her late partner was due to blindness rather than a desire to minimise his virtues.

She went to bed with mingled feelings of pity and resentfulness towards the prodigal; in the dim recesses of her mind—though she was scarcely conscious of it—lay a vague and undefined affection for him, a vestige of that old passion she had felt years ago.

In the morning, Captain Chancellor called for her, and drove her to the station. He seemed in unusually good spirits, and hinted, in a general way, of a plan he had formed to prevent Jack Trenton from seriously interfering with their friendship. Pauline could not quite keep pace with his good humour, for with the daylight her harsh thoughts of her husband had become modified. Chancellor noticed with some misgiving the absence of warmth in her farewell as the train drew out of the station. Conceit and self-complacency, however, set him at his ease, and he drove off in the happy contemplation of his plan.

The cab drew up as he had directed at Mrs. Trenton's flat—being the landlord he felt no compunction in entering in her absence—and he began, with curious eagerness, to destroy all the evidences of Mrs. Trenton's recent occupancy: scraps of handwriting, which in her haste she had forgotten, bills, cards of invitation, and a host of knick-knacks which might confirm a jealous husband's suspicions.

Having smoked a cigar, and helped himself to a brandy and soda, he leaned back in his chair and gave himself up to the deliberation of his scheme. It was wonderfully simple; he relied on that to ensure its smooth working. With a laugh, he rang for the butler.

In a few moments Pethridge knocked at the door and entered.

"Pethridge," said the Captain, indicating a chair, "I assume from your appearance that you are a discreet man; I know, from past experience of butlers, that you are open to any suggestion which would prove profitable. Putting two and two together, I assume that you can keep a secret."

"Yessir," replied Pethridge, with servile brevity. During the foregoing speech he had betrayed no symptom of surprise, preserving a well-trained stolidity and commendable indifference.

"Very good," continued Chancellor. "Your mistress, Mrs. Trenton, has been called away rather suddenly, and, for the present, it is her express wish that you—well, that you forget her existence. You understand?"

"Yessir."

"Your wages will be paid by me, and I will dine here every night."

"Alone, sir?"

"No," replied Chancellor, with a smile. "Not alone. A lady of my acquaintance will, for the time being, take up her quarters here. It is your mistress's and my desire that you address her—at all times—as Mrs. Trenton."

"Quite so, sir," answered Pethridge, unmoved.

"If anyone should call and ask for Mrs. Trenton, tell them that she is unwell and unable to see anyone. If they seem very pressing, take up a card. Do you understand? On no account permit anyone to see her without her permission."

"I see, sir."

Chancellor slipped two five-pound notes into his hand and dismissed him with a wave.

"Pethridge is not a fool," murmured Chancellor, returning to his brandy. "I think he will carry out my instructions. Fortunately, Trenton won't be able to tempt him with a large bribe."

With a feeling of pleasant security, drawn from the apparent success of his first move, Chancellor strolled towards the Embankment. It was a fine morning, and as he watched the sluggish, muddy river sparkling in the sunshine, its slow movement soothed him, and he stood gazing at it with a contented smile; then, turning, he hailed a cab and drove to his rooms in Lushington Square.

The arrival at Mrs. Trenton's flat of a lady, bearing in a general way a close resemblance to his mistress, aroused no curiosity in Pethridge's breast. A life of attendance on the unconventional rich had bred a proper indifference to seeming irregularities. He was well paid to minister to their innumerable caprices and follies without comment; he recognised intuitively that censorship sits badly on the dependent;

(*Continued on page 34*)

# Comic Relief From Sin

## MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER'S MERRY INTERVALS IN "THE SINS OF SOCIETY"

**Keeping Himself Fit!**

James Hogg (Mr. Chevalier) believes in keeping himself fit, so he has all manner of athletic contrivances fixed up in his room. His butler is telling him that his stroke in the mile sculling is most discreditable

*Photos* *Illustrations Bureau*

**An Awkward Call**

To add to Mr. Hogg's troubles, his lady-love, Lady Goldbury (Miss Fanny Brough), calls at a time when his foot is encased in a patent exerciser. A comedy love-scene follows, the climax of which is reached when Lady Goldbury relaxes her usual sternness towards her devoted suitor, and tells him he may kiss her

(*Continued from page 32*)

and that he may not bite the hand that feeds without expecting the food to be withdrawn

So Miss Ingrid Harris—or Mrs. Trenton the Second—was duly installed, instructed by Captain Chancellor in the rôle she was to play, taught the history of the real Mrs. Trenton and her husband Jack, and generally prepared to assume with confidence the part of the prodigal's wife. Ten days passed; the probability of Jack Trenton's visit to the flat was becoming doubtful, and the threatened disaster seemed daily more unlikely. What was still more mystifying, Chancellor had received no letter from Pauline. This unexpected silence puzzled him, but he could not leave his post to seek a personal explanation. At any moment Trenton might come, and he must be there to receive him, or at least to support Miss Harris in her difficult rôle.

The dinner had just been served, and Chancellor and his friend were discussing the necessity of prolonging the farcical situation, when Pethridge knocked loudly, and entered with his customary look of apathy.

"A gentleman to see Mrs. Trenton, sir."

Chancellor started, gulped his brandy, and shot a glance at his companion. "Did he give his name?"

"Yessir; Mr. Trenton, sir." Neither by word nor look did the butler betray the conclusion at which he must inevitably have arrived.

Chancellor wiped his lips, brushed the crumbs from his trousers, and said, in an even voice:

"Show him up."

"Yessir."

The calmness of the Captain contrasted strangely with the nervousness of his friend, but her agitation was not out of keeping with the part. Prodigal husbands returning to prodigal wives cannot, and probably do not, expect absolute composure. To be caught red-handed, as it were, naturally produces a degree of agitation.

Trenton entered the room with a hesitating, uneasy shuffle. Seeing the Captain, he stopped on the threshold, turned pale, and was about to retire. "I've come—to see my—to see my wife," he began, trying to pull himself together.

Miss Harris bowed coldly, covered her face hastily with her handkerchief and sobbed aloud.

There was an uneasy pause, during which Trenton toyed with the brim of his hat.

"You don't seem—well, pleased to see me," he muttered at length, sinking into a chair near the door.

"I think your wife is rather upset," broke in Chancellor; "your sudden appearance after nine years is naturally rather a shock."

"I expected—she'd take it rather better," he said, thinly. "There have been faults on both sides—but——" He broke off, moving uncomfortably, and shot an apprehensive glance at the sobbing woman.

Chancellor did not reply. He looked at Trenton contemptuously; a feeling of disgust rose within him as he thought of this miserable wretch as Mrs. Trenton's husband. There was something wounding to his vanity in the idea of sharing her affection with the human wreck before him. He turned to the decanter, and poured out a stiff brandy.

"Drink this," he said, handing the glass, and trying to appear civil; "it's a trying time for you both."

Trenton nodded gratefully, swallowed the drink at a gulp, and held the glass out for replenishing.

"More," he said, laconically; "more, for heaven's sake."

Chancellor refilled the tumbler and handed it back. Trenton turned to the woman; she had removed her handkerchief from her face, and was staring at him through her tears.

"I didn't expect you to turn up like this," she cried, with well-feigned grief.

Trenton bit his lip, gulped his brandy, and shifted his eyes from hers.

"You've changed, Pauline," he began, reflectively; "you've changed a good deal. But I suppose I have, too," he added after a moment. He was ill at ease, and his embarrassment showed itself in his trembling lips and quavering voice.

Mrs. Trenton's deputy tried in vain to reply; her choking sobs made her pathetically incoherent.

"It's a long time, I know—nine years," he continued fatuously, floundering in a conversational whirlpool. "But I thought that you might——"

With a little hysteric cry Miss Harris rose and rushed from the room, leaving the two men staring dejectedly at the brightly lit table.

Trenton finished his brandy and helped himself. He was beginning to feel the stimulation, and with the departure of his wife he suddenly assumed a bullying attitude.

"Chancellor," he said, leaning forward, with a ferocious sneer, "you're a blackguard! You've wronged me and my wife—you are a sneak and a scoundrel, a disgrace to His Majesty's Service. What are you going to give me for the injury? I'm down on my luck, and I intend to have——"

"Not a farthing!" interrupted Chancellor, eyeing him scornfully. "Not a farthing—and look here, Trenton, I've never submitted to insult before—if you were a gentleman—or even a man, instead of a whining blackmailer, I'd make you pay for your insolence; as it is, I give you the only advice it is possible to give to such as you: Drown yourself—hang yourself—anything—*but leave your wife alone.* She doesn't want you——"

"Doesn't want me!" ejaculated Trenton, with a wild laugh. "Good heavens, man! Do you think I want to meddle with that faded, *passée* creature? She was pretty when I left her, but now—no, thank you, Chancellor, second-hand goods—so very badly damaged—I don't appreciate. Take her, my worthy mischief-maker. Take her, for heaven's sake! But give me a *quid pro quo.*"

"Not a farthing," reiterated Chancellor firmly.

Trenton rose and approached the other menacingly; then his eye fell upon the decanter and he reeled to the table.

"More of that confounded brandy," he gurgled. "D'ye hear, you—I haven't tasted it for months, and——" His voice trailed off into profane incoherence as he reached for the decanter.

"Your health, Chancellor—your beastly health—and Mrs. Tre—Chancellor's, too—by heaven!"

Chancellor sat calmly watching the man in his grotesque fury.

"Kiss her good-night," he hiccoughed, staggering to the door, "and good-bye. Mind you," he added, turning suddenly, "I'm going to get that money—you see if I don't."

With an oath, he flung open the door and reeled into the corridor. Chancellor followed closely to prevent him breaking his neck. Such a calamity would have caused the Captain no pain, but it would involve a good deal of explanation on a subject he preferred to keep dark.

Returning to his room, Chancellor found Miss Harris already in her place, smiling cheerfully at the complete success that had attended her impersonation. She had not heard Trenton's uncomplimentary remarks,

(*Continued on page 37*)

# Along Our Indian Frontier

## "THE BYSTANDER" IN BELUCHISTAN, WAZIRISTAN, AND THE CHITRAL

(1)

**In a Waziristan Summer Camp**

This spot is the happy retreat of Englishmen in the wild and desolate country constituting the Wana Agency of Waziristan, on the Indian North-West Frontier. Two of these, Mr. Leslie Crump, Political Agent at Wana (on the left), and Lieut. O'Shea, of the South Waziristan Militia; and one of the best big-game hunters on the border, are enjoying a well-earned rest after a hard morning's sport. Behind the two Oorial heads is standing Said Mukkman, a famous Mahsud Shekari. Sent by CAPTAIN C. I. BRIERLEY, Wana, South Waziristan

(2)

**Comfort in the Chitral**

A contented reader in the anteroom of the mess at Kila Drosh, Chitral. Sent by MRS. CARRUTHERS, Holmains, Wellington Square, Cheltenham

(3)

**Over the Burmese Frontier**

The sender, MAJOR M. MATHEW, Loimwé States, says: "The natives represented are Lishaws, one of the many tribes scattered about the highest hills in the Southern Shan States. The stout lady evidently enjoys the paper as much as we do. All mails, etc., to and from this spot have to be carried four hundred miles by road to the nearest railway"

(4) **A British Force in Beluchistan**

This group was taken by CAPTAIN J. FERGUS PATERSON, of the 37th Lancers, at Kahan, the Capital of the Marri country in Beluchistan. The British officers were accompanying the Political Agent sent into the country to settle some disturbances. This was the first time for many years that a British force had visited the place

**(5) Beyond the Pale**

Situated beyond the protected area of Waziristan in the Murwatai Mountains, the camp where this photograph was taken was formed for the purpose of protecting the survey parties carrying out the survey of this portion of the frontier country. The Havildar reading THE BYSTANDER represents the native after coming under English influences, and the middle figure shows the "untamed" variety. Sent by LIEUT. P. W. L. BROKE-SMITH, Dera Ismail Khan, North West Provinces

# "In the West Countree"

## WITH THE FOXHOUNDS ON EXMOOR

**(1) An Exponent of Riding Astride: Mrs. Salaman, the wife of the Master**

**(2) At Hawkcombe Head: Towards the hills**

**(3) The Master of the Exmoor Foxhounds: Mr. M. H. Salaman**

The big crowds which make their sporting pilgrimage to Exmoor every August and September for hunting with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds also see much excellent sport under delightful conditions with the Exmoor Foxhounds. This pack recently started the season under Mr. M. H. Salaman's leadership, and the prospects are very bright

*Photos]* [*Dixon*

(*Continued from page 34*)

nor witnessed the degrading spectacle of his rapid intoxication. And Chancellor did not choose to enlighten her.

The dinner finished, he drove back to Lushington Square. He was not altogether satisfied with the events of the evening. His part, successful though it had been—charitable, too, in that he had delivered Pauline from the misery of a renewed alliance with her impossible husband — was sustained only by stretching to its extreme limit his easy honour.

He sank back in his chair and poured himself a liberal supply of whisky and soda. If mental comfort were denied, bodily comfort, at least, remained.

He welcomed the interruption caused by the entrance of his man.

"A telegram, sir."

Chancellor took the pink envelope from the tray, and, with a quick movement of his thumb, ripped it open. The man turned and left the room.

With a glance at the post-mark, "Lyndhurst," he read eagerly :—

> Jack here on Kitty's invitation. Have made it up. Good-bye.—PAULINE.

Chancellor flung the paper down angrily ; this amazing message left him speechless. How could Jack Trenton be Kitty Elleson-Howes' guest at Lyndhurst when it was only too evident that he was in London, and, at the moment, shockingly drunk and incapable. To this there was only one explanation. There must be two Jack Trentons—the real one and an impostor. For purely selfish motives, Chancellor sincerely hoped that it was the impostor whom Pauline had met. In such a case exposure would not be long delayed, and Pauline would not be likely to take up with the miserable wretch who had caused the disturbance in her flat. That would be a good thing for both of them—especially Chancellor.

If, on the other hand, Kitty's guest were really Pauline's husband, there was an end of the intimacy. Viewing the matter from this standpoint, Chancellor did not like the sting in the end of the telegram. "She had made it up," and said "Good-bye." After all these years, after all he had done for her, she had thrown in her lot with the faithless rascal who had deserted her for another woman. He felt sick and angry at her fickleness — to him it seemed treacherous, ungrateful, base.

His own conduct seemed now, by contrast, worthy, estimable, and, up to a certain point, honourable. He, at least, had played the game ; his intentions, apart from the original discreditable intimacy, had been good ; he had laid himself out to protect her, and behave as fairly as a worldly man could to a worldly woman. Her injustice stung him. He would not have minded so much if Pauline had thrown him over for anyone else ; but her return to her good-for-nothing husband—whom everyone despised and shunned—was a personal slight, indirect perhaps, but undeniable.

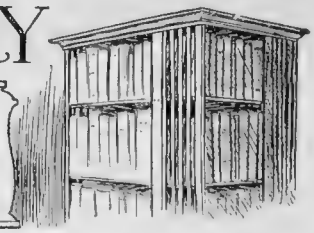
By an effort of the will and the application of his worldly philosophy, he checked his growing bitterness, and affected an indifference out of keeping with the situation.

"After all," he muttered, picking up the telegram and tearing it across, "she's only one in a thousand." There was a sneer on his lips and unmistakable chagrin in his tone. For a moment he sat staring blankly before him.

"Only one in a thousand—but *the* one," he repeated ; and, turning to the decanter, he filled his glass to the brim.

HERBERT H. VAHEY.

# LIBRARY



**ls to Order This Week**
ers." By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Heine-
Bushveld." By Sir Percy Fitzpatrick.
.)
h Girl." By Ford Madox Hueffer.

final death—shot in mistake for a farmhouse marauder which he himself has only just been out and killed—leaves a pang. Even had the narrative been sustained by Jock alone, Sir Percy's book would have well repaid the reading. He has, however, in his varied adventures, a human companion after his own heart, one Jim, the ruffianly but loyal Zulu servant of the "Baas"—a character recalling Mr. Rider Haggard's Um Slopagaas, but lacking that worthy's somewhat sanctimonious attributes. The little line sketches which bedeck the fly-leaves are excellent, and throw just the needed pictorial sidelight on the narrative. Not so striking, however, are the wash drawings by the same artist (Mr. E. Caldwell). These do not always rise to the excitement of the incidents depicted. That marvellous scene wherein a tiger ("tiger" is, apparently, the generic South African term for all big game of the feline tribe which are not lions), who has captured a baboon, is faced by enraged simians, which, from the opposite side of a rocky ravine, so assail him with the most hideous cries, for all the world like disappointed galleryites on a first night, that he is frightened to flight by means of a dive into the depths below—this is somewhat meagrely depicted in the illustration. It should have made our flesh creep for a month. Would that it could be re-drawn by Mr. S. H. Sime, who, with the incalculable advantage of not having been there, could have done something much more convincing.

*Elliott and Fry*

**Fitzpatrick**

Bushveld" (Longmans; essor to the "Jungle life among wild beasts

**The Merits of Murder**

Among novelists perennially popular with women is Mr. Phillips Oppenheim. The reason is, no doubt, because, as a general rule, Mr. Oppenheim has a good murder as his theme. "I love murder stories," recently confessed to me a fair novel-reader, "they're so little trouble to read." A murder has the merit of being at once understood; it is, furthermore, about the only crime you can safely write about, the majority of the others being either dull or improper. Murder is invaluable to the author, as it is the one crime in which you can involve your hero with any degree of plausibility; the only crime of which, as a properly brought-up young man, he is likely to be suspected by his friends. Gerald a burglar? Ridiculous! Far too indolent. Algernon a forger? Absurd! He has no business training. Reggie a ——? No!

# Where the New Treaty Operates

## PERSIAN BEAUTIES—HUMAN AND ARCHITECTURAL

A Dancing Girl from Bokhara

A Fair Teheranian in Harem Costume (Kurdish head-dress)

ACQUISITIONS FOR RUSSIA!: BEAUTIES OF NORTHERN PERSIA (THE MUSCOVITE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE)

A Rich Persian's House in Teheran

Persia being the country to which all eyes have now been turned by the Anglo-Russian treaty, some interesting facts as to its life and customs are to be found in "Queer Things About Persia," by Eustache de Lorey and Douglas Sladen, now published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, from which the above are reproduced

*By kind permission of Eveleigh Nash, from "Queer Things About Persia"*

Mudie *must* be considered. A murder is, when you come to go into the matter, about the only thing. Hence the plethora of murder stories that is among us. Mr. Oppenheim's latest contribution to this highly important form of art is *Conspirators* (Ward, Lock: 6*s*.), which opens with a situation no less startling in its originality than a mystery of a hansom cab. A gentleman (he is not really a gentleman, as subsequently you learn) is found strangled therein by a piece of silk. At the crucial moment, passing near the cab, and coming out of his very flat with a stolen document in her hands, is—a mysterious but terribly beautiful woman. Also near her, at the time, is the usual young man, who falls in the usual love. Then ramifications begin to ramify—side issues issue forth — subordinate characters obtrude themselves —never, however, in a way that is calculated to call forth any mental energy in the reader. In the end, the murder is confessed by the last person in the book that you suspected of it, but whether or not he was the real culprit is left in doubt. However, the real culprit is never of much importance in the ideal murder story, provided always the hero and heroine are got out of the mess and duly disposed of at the altar.

**Presumptuous!**

*How to Appreciate Music* (Sisleys: 5*s*.) is the patronising title of a book by M. Gustav Kobbé. I do not quite know to whom the author expects to appeal. Doubtless, there is a possible sale of thousands for a book which genuinely attempted to teach the untutored ear the beauties of a classical or operatic score. But the individual who attempts this has to approach his subject in a manner which is different somewhat from that of M. Kobbé. He must clear himself of all cant and technology, and realise that he is a pioneer on virgin soil. The power to detect the subtle beauties of melody and harmony, counterpoint, rhythm, form, polyphony, can only be gained by definite education of the ear itself, not by appeal to reason. M. Kobbé and others can write themselves to rest on the history of music, the origin of its various branches, the composers, and their styles; but no matter how homely and how simple their phraseology, they will not teach the unteachable. A person either has the power to appreciate music or he has not. If he has it, he will spurn as patronising and presumptuous such tuition as M. Kobbé's. If he has *not* the power, then he will probably have no desire to acquire it artificially. The non-musical man is, usually, far too proud of his fine freedom from what he regards as the unhealthy and stuffy habit of long-haired anæmics to be willing to part with it.

*Photo* *Lallie Charles*

**The New Lady Conan Doyle (formerly Miss Jean Leckie)**

**A Friend of Britain**

The fact that the great Anglo-Russian duel for dominion in the East has been brought to a halt by a Treaty defining spheres of influence should not lead us to forget those who have served us in holding our own during the critical days of the past. Of these, there is none to whom England owes a greater debt than to Professor Arminius Vambéry, the author of numbers of books and of innumerable magazine articles on Eastern travel. Throughout the troublous phases of the dispute, which was never settled either by the Crimean War or by the Treaty of Berlin, Vambéry, a Hungarian of Jewish origin, was on our side. In *The Story of My Struggles* (Unwin), Vambéry, who is now seventy-five, tells us how he began his travels as a penniless philological inquirer in Constantinople, from which he visited, successively, Khiva, Bokhara, and Herat. As one of the few living authorities on those contested regions, he became of "value" to the British Foreign Office, and was accordingly made much of in London on his return. Though, after these trips, Professor Vambéry was successful in interviewing such big fish as Abdul Hamid II. and the Shah Nasreddin, it rather seems, at a glance through his memoirs, as if his social successes in London interfered with his appetite for further explorations, and a correspondingly greater fame. To-day, you would hardly call Vambéry a great traveller, for the localities on which he is an authority have been visited by numbers of young men on their holidays. Still, he has served us right well in the past, and long may he live to enjoy the remembrance of the days when "Pam" patted him on the back, when he was discussed in the Commons, lionised in London drawing-rooms, and consulted by Queen Victoria. One of Vambéry's quaint boasts is that he does not know the day of his birth!

**An English Girl**

*An English Girl*, by Ford Madox Hueffer (Methuen), is the story of a millionaire's son who, on discovering his father's wealth, which he has inherited, to have been dishonourably acquired, settles down to squander it in philanthropy. He is, incidentally, in love with the daughter of a reviewer. The story is well told, and, of course, modern in scene. Much of the action takes place on board a liner, the parties being *en route* to America. Mr. Hueffer conveys to one, without any descriptive matter, by the aid of conversation alone, an impression of an Atlantic trip very cleverly; some of the passengers are most reminiscent. If this book is hardly strong enough to be placeable on the same shelf as "The Fifth Queen," it is quite a readable story for a lazy day.

VIVIAN CARTER.

# Croquet at Eastbourne

## THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND TOURNAMENT

*Photo* *Lavis*

**The Eastbourne Croquet Tournament: C. E. Willis in play**

Glorious weather favoured players and spectators alike at the South of England Croquet Tournament, held at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, last week. The opening matches were remarkable for the manner in which many of the most prominent players were defeated by lesser known opponents. The Duke of Devonshire presented a gold cup for the Gentlemen's Singles Competition

# GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

### "Eppur Si Muove"

The courteous letters which have lately been interchanged between Mr. Daniel Chauncey, President of the United States Golfing Association, and Captain Burn, Chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee, are a healthy sign of the times. The "dry bones" of the ruling power have life in them, and the authorities at St. Andrews have only to be approached in a proper and constitutional spirit by a representative body when something vital and important requires doing. I am heartily glad that such friendly *pourparlers* have been exchanged by the two authorities, for it is of immense importance to the game that the Americans, who now form such a large and increasing part of the golf body politic, should move *pari passu* with us, and should adhere to any reforms carried by us. I suppose there can be no finality in the Rules of Golf. The game is so varied, so elastic, and so elusive, that it seems impossible to cabin, crib, and confine it within a set of rules. Still, it is all to the good that a Sub-Committee of the Rules of Golf Committee should be engaged on a revision of the rules, and that they should be working in harmony with the U.S. authorities.

*Photo* *Whitbread*

**The Latest Hazard!**

A golf ball which has become impaled on a lady's hatpin, doubtless dropped by some fair visitor to the course

### A Representative from the States

In connection with this, I note with satisfaction a proposal by Mr. Horace Hutchinson on the agenda of the Royal and Ancient business meeting to the effect "that the Rules of Golf Committee be authorised to invite the United States Golf Association to appoint a representative as a member of the Committee." I trust that, by the time these lines appear, this motion will have been approved by the Club. I am not clear as to whether Mr. Hutchinson's meaning is that the representative appointed by the U.S. Association shall be a member of the Royal and Ancient, or whether he is to be an American and be a corresponding member. This will have been cleared up at the meeting.

### A Valuable Precedent

Whichever decision be taken, I am full of hope that the motion will have met with approval. It will form a valuable precedent for attaching representatives of other associations to the ruling body, and thus the latter will have its position and authority confirmed in a decisive manner. It stands to reason that, in these days of ever-increasing golf and golfers, it is imperative that the ruling club should remain in touch with the vast army of players at home and abroad; and this can only be done by some such system as has been proposed by Mr. Hutchinson. If this question is now handled wisely, firmly, and yet diplomatically, we shall hear no more, thank goodness, of rival unions and associations, but the Mother of Golf will be seated permanently, with the willing consent of all her subjects, upon her throne, "broad-based upon the players' will." I understand that the revisers of the rules are proceeding upon simplifying lines, and that the result of their labours will be submitted to the Spring meeting of the Club next year. They will, no doubt, receive valuable suggestions from the American Association, for fresh minds very often are able to solve knotty points, and to point out useful reforms which older players, brought up under the various codes of rules that have puzzled them nearly every decade, are sometimes unable to do.

### A Time for Action

From the precedent set by Mr. Daniel Chauncey, I should imagine that the Rules of Golf Committee would be prepared to listen to any suggestions made by other representative bodies either at home or abroad. If so, now is the moment for such bodies to take action. By getting in touch with the authorities at St. Andrews they will feel that they have some voice in the making of the laws, and that sense of soreness and dissatisfaction which has sometimes existed among Southern golfers will disappear.

Ernest Lehmann

---

Since I wrote the above, Mr. Hutchinson's motion has been withdrawn. I shall go more fully into this in my article next week, dealing with the Autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient. E. L.

### The Latest Craze

Diabolo, which has been having such an extraordinary vogue in France, and looks like becoming equally popular in England, is only an old game revived. In "The Modern Playmate," a favourite book of games, etc., with schoolboys in the 'sixties and 'seventies, the game and its implements are fairly fully described under the name of "bandilore," and, whether it originally came (as some say) from China or not, it was undoubtedly played in England up to a little later than the middle of the last century—of course, only by children. The extraordinary thing about Diabolo is the way in which it has "caught on" with adults as well as children, and it is quite comic to see a man, who would probably feel insulted if you invited him to trundle a hoop or spin a peg-top, working diligently at Diabolo. As for the game itself, it is one which calls for the exercise of a good deal of skill. The knack of spinning the reel or top is not easily acquired, and when you have learnt that, the throwing up of the top and catching it on the string, and the trick of letting it roll up the sticks, takes some doing. But the higher flights of the game are not really reached until two players play with each other, throwing the top to one another, catching it, and returning it again. This is sometimes done over a net, and some people have attained to such a degree of skill that they can play a game resembling lawn tennis; but for myself, I do not regard the game as sufficiently athletic to stay, and I should doubt whether it will be much more than a passing craze.

**Yet Another Captain for Surrey**

H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, who has recently been appointed Captain of the Surrey County Cricket Team. He is commonly known to his intimates as "The Shrimp"

## BOXING

### Self-Defence in the Services

After three strenuous days' work, the Army and Navy Boxing Championships at Aldershot were successfully concluded on Thursday evening last. The total number of bouts got through in the three days was 119, the record score of fifty-eight being achieved on the second; and it is most gratifying to find that

**Co-operative Diabolo**

*Photo* *Illustrations Bureau*

**The Game as a "Solitary" Pastime**

Rumours of the Diabolo craze reached us from France during the summer. Now the infection has been caught in this country, and both as a "solitary" pastime and played with a partner it is rapidly making headway, as the fact that it has already figured in *Punch* and *Westminster Gazette* cartoons proves. It is not likely, however, that it will really oust any of the more serious and more athletic games at present in vogue

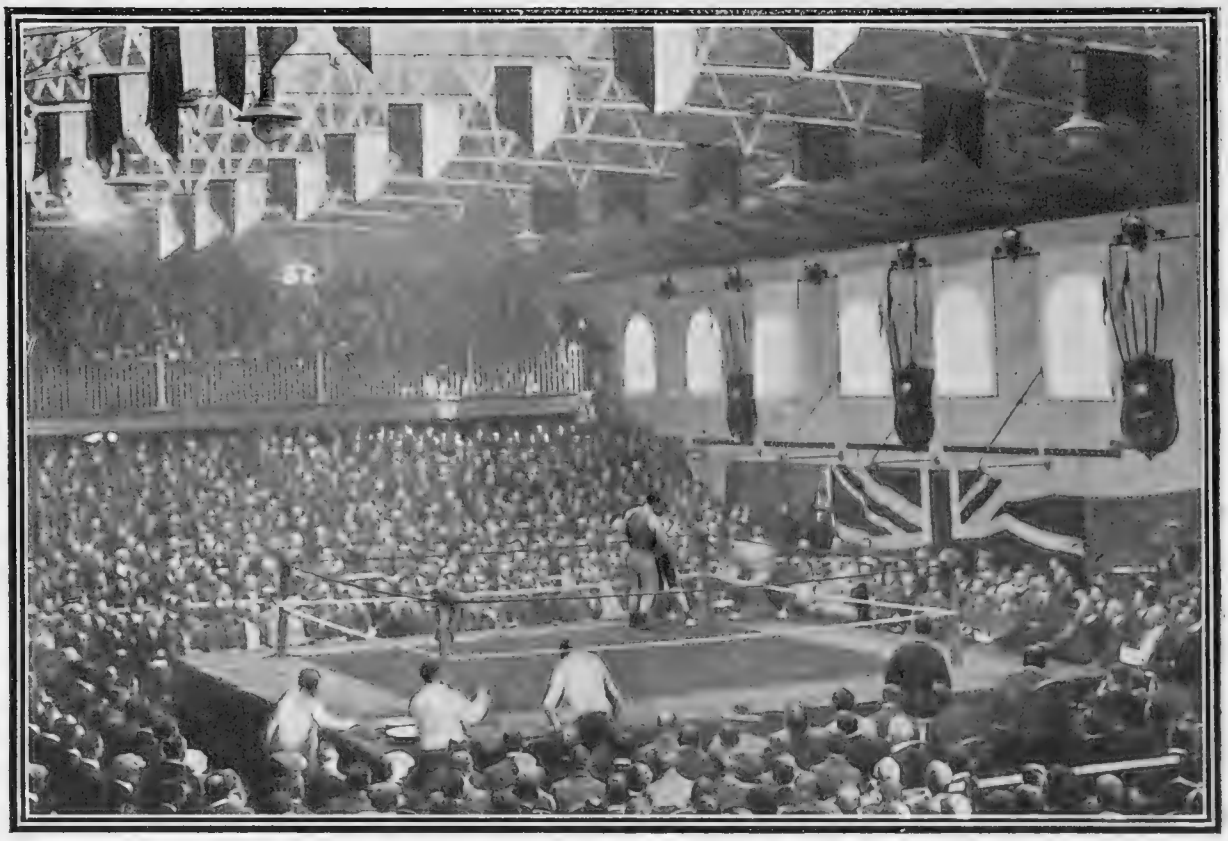


*Photo* *Gale and Polden*

**The Army and Navy Boxing Championships: A Terrific Bout for the Final**

Corporal Sunshine, a bombardier of enormous strength, knocked out Petty Officer Jeffreys, Navy Champion (H.M.S. *Juno*), in half a minute. The Navy man was rendered insensible by the terrific onslaught. The Championships occupied three days; the total number of bouts was 119

our soldiers and sailors of all ranks are as keen on becoming proficient in the art of defending themselves in truly British fashion as they are on the defence of their country. At the same time, it is quite obvious that the gathering is becoming too large to be run on its present lines. If its duration cannot be extended to four days it will be necessary to have two rings going at once—at any rate, on the first two. In the Officers' Championship, Lieut. G. D'A. Shaw (R.F.A.) scored a double win—in the "Feathers" and in the Light Weights, but he was slightly lucky to secure the verdict in the former, for in the final between him and Lieut. Williams (also of the R.F.A.) the judges disagreed, and the referee's decision in favour of Shaw came as a surprise to many of the critics, who thought that Williams had had slightly the better of it. However, the fact of the judges disagreeing showed what a very near thing it was. In the Light Weights, Shaw proved what a really fine boxer he is by decisively beating in the final an opponent, Lieut. G. H. Anderson (18th Hussars), who had a great advantage over him in the matter of inches. Lieut. Shaw has won the "Feathers" and Light Weights twice before, in 1904 and 1905. In the final of the Middle Weights, last year's winner, Captain W. Long, D.S.O. (Royal Scots Greys), a son of the ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland, had a great struggle with Lieut. W. H. P. Richards (R.M.L.I.). At the close the judges disagreed, and an extra round was ordered. Even after this they could not decide, and the referee, on appeal, gave his decision in favour of Capt. Long. The Heavy Weights was by no means difficult for the winner, Lieutenant Dix (R.N.), nor was he sufficiently extended for an estimate to be formed of what he can really do; but he impressed one as being remarkably quick with his hands for a man of his size. In his speech at the conclusion of the boxing, Major-General Grierson, who presented the prizes, made special reference to the fact that, throughout the whole of the three days, there had not been one single instance of a foul.

## POLO AT ELVASTON

No keener sportsman breathes than Lord Harrington, and the enthusiasm with which he throws himself into his favourite pastimes, fox-hunting and polo, is really refreshing to see. For polo he has laid out an excellent private ground at Elvaston Castle, and some splendid games were seen there last week. The open tournament was won by the Handley Cross team (Messrs. H. Rich, F. M. Freake, H. T. and F. O. Ellison) after a superb struggle in the final tie on Saturday with Brampton, who were not beaten until several minutes' extra time had been played. Cub-hunting in the early morning and polo in the afternoon formed the pleasant programme of visitors to Elvaston last week.

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# AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Automobile Association's new premises at Manchester were opened with *éclat* last Tuesday, a goodly contingent of well-known motorists travelling down from Town in order to be present. Colonel Bosworth, who took the chair at the dinner, was as jovial and cheery as usual, but, on the subject of the differences between the A.A. and the Motor Union, the gallant Colonel showed but little disposition to be communicative. The fact is, both the A.A. and the M.U. realise that there is room for them both, and now, in a wiser, if a sadder, frame of mind, they regret having been led to indulge in newspaper recriminations. The desire on both sides is to refrain from any further controversy in the Press, which is far more satisfactory than their recent habit of sending out long and somewhat violent communications to the papers on the subject of their differences.

* * *

The increasing varieties of steel-studded and other anti-skidding bands are factors which are having considerable influence at the present time towards inducing road authorities to take steps to improve the condition of most of the public thoroughfares in the country. The Kent County Council in August last decided to invite the Councils of Bucks, Essex, Herts, Surrey, and Sussex, to unite and send a joint deputation to the Local Government Board to call attention to the urgency of protecting road authorities against the heavy additional expense caused by motor traffic, especially since the introduction of "armoured" tyres. The County Surveyor of Kent estimates that 60 per cent. of cars are now using these tyres.

**Car-icature—No. XLVI.: The Earl of Carnarvon**

The lord of many broad acres, the Earl of Carnarvon is an enthusiastic motorist, and is the owner of many cars. He is also devoted to yachting

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Kent is probably the most progressive of the Home Counties as regards the upkeep of roads, and the Kentish authorities have from the outset shown themselves desirous of tackling the subject of road surfaces in a scientific manner. Last year in the hop county over £4,000 was spent upon tar-spreading or other dust-laying devices, and during the current year over £6,000 has been ear-marked for this purpose alone. But, apart from this expense, Mr. Maybury, the County Surveyor, states that at least £10,000 per annum of the road expenditure in Kent is due to motor-car traffic alone, while in many of the Home Counties the cost of maintaining the roads has increased from 50 to 60 per cent. Mr. Maybury admits that steel-studded tyres minimise to a great extent the dangers of side-slip, and that for such time as roads are built with excessive camber and of the usual loose, slippery material, bound together by mud, so long will it be necessary to adopt precautions for the safety of the public as much as for the motorist.

* * *

The scientific laying out of roads capable of coping with the altered conditions of traffic means a great initial expense to the ratepayers unless State aid is forthcoming. In the past there has been a great deal of tinkering with very few serious attempts to modernise the roads, but where they have been strengthened the upkeep has not been heavy. The object of the different Councils in the Home Counties in sending a deputation to the L.G.B. is to suggest that the recommendations made by the Royal Commission on Local Taxation in 1901 be laid before Parliament. The recommendations

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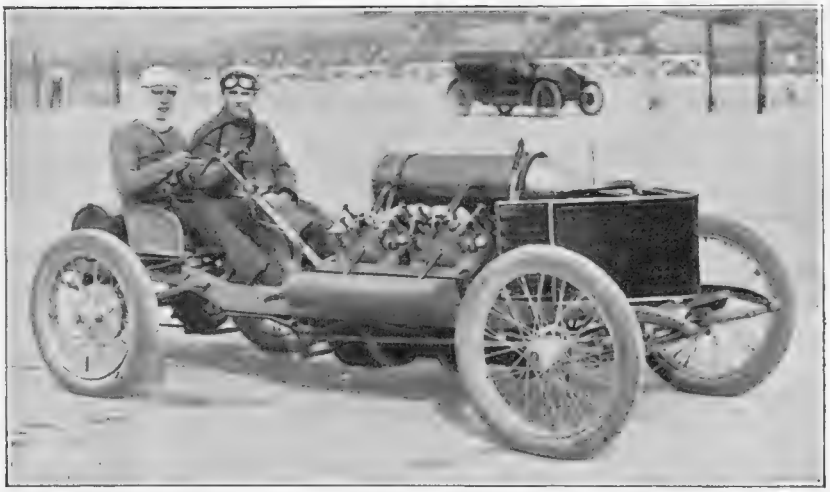

**115 Miles an Hour! Mr. A. Lee Guinness on his 200 h.-p. eight-cylinder Darracq**

Mr. A. Lee Guinness on his famous Darracq, on which he performed the extraordinary feat of driving at the rate of 115·4 miles an hour, over a measured quarter-mile, at Brooklands recently. The car was bought on the spot by Mr. Dugald Ross, an American millionaire, who came to Europe to find the fastest car in the world

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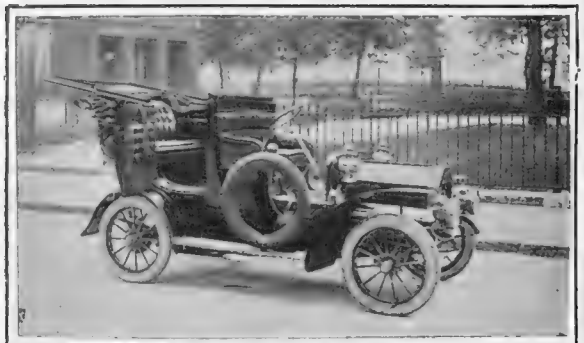

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LAMBIE & SHARP,
*Directors,*
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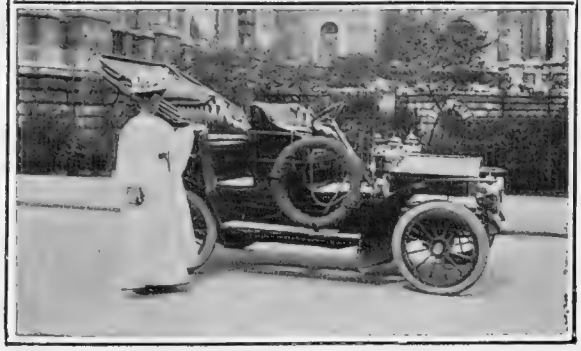



# LOSS OF HAIR

**"The Remedy Working Wonders!"**
**"How True are the Words!"**

"Grand Hotel Continental, Nice,
"9th March, 1907.

"Dear Sirs,

"'Tatcho'—'A remedy capable of working wonders!' Strange but how true are the words! I can with all my heart thank God for having tried 'Tatcho.' It will be a year the 25th of this month that I first used the wonderful 'Tatcho.' I was losing my hair in a most dreadful manner through worry and illness of my dear wife, who died at Menton. I was lost to know what to do. I saw 'Tatcho' advertised, and have been faithful to it ever since. I found while travelling in my auto I could leave my cap off and not catch cold. It is simply great. Hair ever in its place and head cool. I feel it has entirely rejuvenated me.

"My great desire is to some day thank you in person for what your 'Tatcho' has done for me. I have recommended it to a great many of my friends.

"I remain, yours most gratefully,
"CHEVALIER ECOREL."

**You may have a 4/6 Trial Bottle of "Tatcho," carriage paid, for 1/10, on application to the "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, mentioning "The Bystander."**

**GUARANTEE.**

***I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me.***

Geo. R. Sims

**In honesty to yourself, refuse worthless imitations.**
Chemists and Stores all over the world.

**Changing an Elastes-filled Inner Tube**

One of the great disadvantages of Elastes is the difficulty of replacing the filled inner tube on the wheel. This has now been overcome by the introduction of a movable-flange rim

were that additional grants from the State Exchequer should be made to local funds to improve and maintain the main roads, and that a central department should direct the allocation of the money. This brings us back to my suggestion a week or two back that a traffic authority ought to be appointed. Until this comes about, the unfortunate ratepayer will have to continue to pay more, without having the satisfaction of feeling that the money has been judiciously expended.

* * *

The Brooklands Club will hold a meeting on October 13, in which a race will be allotted to each of the four standard pattern cars, the distances being the same as last time, except that the race for 90 h.-p. cars will be increased from five miles to twenty, which, it is hoped, will make the contest more attractive. Two sweepstakes are included in the programme, one of them, the Medium Handicap, being designed for the large number of four-cylinder cars which have a cylinder-bore between 130 m.m. and 140 m.m. inclusive. These measurements are not suited to any of the standard classes.

* * *

A strong petition is to be presented to his Majesty the King, supported by the Roads Improvement Association, with a view to widening Brentford High Street. Every motorist knows, to his sorrow, this narrow neck of highway, which is, as well as a main trunk road, the Royal route from London to Windsor. For a long time past there has been a growing feeling that the road needs widening, but the Brentford Town Council is heavily burdened financially, while the congestion of traffic arises from sources over which the local authorities have no control, so that any expenditure for this purpose will need to be provided by the State. There are many "bottle-neck" roads round about London, but there is nothing quite so notorious as Brentford High Street, which has become rapidly worse since the electric trams were allowed to use the thoroughfare. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

### Miscellanea

ANOTHER MOVABLE-FLANGE RIM.—Not content, apparently, with the phenomenal success of Elastes, its inventors

**Mounting the Elastes-filled Tyre**

Showing the wheel before the removable flange has been replaced

have improved its composition, so that it is still more resilient than when originally introduced. They have now produced a movable-flange rim, which makes it unnecessary in future for motorists to send in their wheels to the Elastes Company for the tubes to be filled with this most efficient composition. Our illustrations show the various parts of the rim, mounted and taken down, and actual demonstration has proved to us that where this new rim is used an Elastes-filled tube can be inserted into one's cover more quickly than an air-tube can be changed on the ordinary rim. The new rim has its attractions even for the motorist who sticks to his ordinary Dunlop air-tube, for it is detachable in a marvellously short time, and the appearance of the complete rim is singularly neat.

Messrs. Morgan and Co., Ltd., of Long Acre and Old Bond Street, who are the sole agents for the Adler car in the United Kingdom, inform us that the Adler works at Frankfurt have recently supplied H.I.M. the German Emperor with a 40-50 h.-p. Adler car.

THE MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE CASE.—We have received the following letter from the Secretary of the Automobile Association, and are glad to give it prominence. The case is one which we referred to a short time ago, and it is worthy of the support of all motorists:—"Sir,—I beg the valuable influence of your journal in the cause of an appeal for subscriptions on behalf of Mr. Joseph Taylor. Mr. Taylor, who is a small tradesman living at Windsor, rendered really splendid service to the public in general, and automobilism in particular, in connection with the freeing of Windsor and Maidenhead Bridges from tolls, although it is doubtful whether a tithe of the motoring community who cross these important bridges frequently are aware that at one time tolls were levied upon all motor traffic, and that it is entirely due to Mr. Taylor's work that these tolls have been removed. Mr. Taylor fought the matter out, step by step, for years, incurring costs and personal loss which, I am informed, total to about £300. Recently he appeared, unassisted by counsel, to appeal against the decision of Mr. Justice Buckley, under which the Corporation of Maidenhead had a claim against him for an additional £130, and which the Corporation refused all requests on the part of intermediaries to forego. Mr. Taylor was congratulated by the Lords Justices of Appeal on the way in which he had presented his case, and, after some discussion, judgment was entered by consent for him. This well-deserved success, however, does not by any means end Mr. Taylor's difficulties, and subscription lists are being opened for the sole purpose of defraying his legal expenses. The Automobile Association, which has been in touch with the case for some months past, has voted a sum of twenty guineas, and I earnestly hope that the wide publicity you are good enough to give to this appeal will induce motorists to recognise Mr. Taylor's undoubted claim upon their financial support. Subscriptions will be received on behalf of Mr. Taylor at the Automobile Association's offices, Princes Buildings, Coventry Street, W.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, STENSON COOKE."

A remarkably handsome car has just been supplied to the Duke of Rutland by Fiat Motors, Ltd., 37 and 38, Long Acre. Of the 30-40 h.-p. type, it is fitted with the special automatic starting device. The car is installed with electric light, and has all the latest contrivances for making motoring as comfortable as staying at home.

**The Complete Wheel**

With the flange screwed home

Sir Charles Louis writes: "I have recommended the WESTINGHOUSE Car . . . . because I believe that it is certainly better than any other car on the market."—A. GAAL AND CO., 17, Hanover Square, W. Telephone: 2761 Mayfair.

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**The Finest Discrimination**

is that based upon the longest and widest experience. In our thoroughly up-to-date stock will be found reflected all that close upon 150 years' careful trading has taught us.

. . Dealing in China and Glass is not a Departmental affair with us, but our sole concern. Every detail is under the personal supervision of the Proprietors, whilst every member of our staff is an experienced man, able to answer practical questions, and to offer suggestions to customers. An inspection of our Showrooms—covering three spacious floors—is cordially invited.

. . If unable to call, write for our Illustrated Catalogue, containing faithful reproductions in Colours of a wide selection of our goods.

**Alfred B. Pearce & Co**

ESTABLISHED 1760

39, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON · E · C



# TAILORING IN ITS BEST SENSE

Tailoring in its best sense is not so much a matter of Rules as of Perception. It is a matter of assisting a customer in the Choice of Material which will suit both the person and the purpose, and of afterwards—in no fixed way—fashioning that material into a garment which will fit perfectly, be properly comfortable, and have the full appearance of having been made for the wearer with all carefulness. The Method must vary in nearly every case—the Object only remaining the same always. It is a matter of successfully combining Reason with Handicraft.

By following in his work the line of thought here indicated, and charging Moderate Prices, Mr. Bult is able to satisfy the varied requirements of those who come to him for clothes.

**Patterns and Price List (Illustrated by Actual Photographs) will be sent Post Free on application. It should be stated for which garment the patterns are required.**

**John J. M. Bult**

140 FENCHURCH ST. LONDON, E.C. Cash Tailor

WE 3.



# Your Own Bare Feet,

carefully studied, will probably tell some story of mis-shaping—a story which begins years back, when you were a child. Most feet, if spoilt at all, are spoilt in Childhood, when they are developing, through being cramped by ill-shaped footwear which makes no proper allowance for Natural Development.

. . Reading that story, you will recognise the importance of giving Children foot-coverings made with every thought and care for their special purpose.

. . PHAT-PHEET Sandal-Shape FOOTWEAR is made FOR Children—with every care. It is so fashioned and made that it allows little feet to develop in a Natural way, without any pinching or cramping. It gives Ease—Perfect Comfort when most needed, and most appreciated.

. . **No. 834** (illustrated above) is the Best Quality Child's Sandal-Shape Boot—a Model having every good feature which the Highest-grade Materials and the most careful Shaping can impart. It is cut from a fine Willow Calf . . . is Strong but Not Heavy, and Supremely Comfortable. This Boot is Exceptionally Durable, and — price and all considered—its purchase will be found a real Economy. Stocked in Button or Lace. Post Free Prices (in U.K.):

| 7 | 7½ | 8 | 8½ | 9 | 9½ | 10 | 10½ |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8/9 | 9/- | 9/3 | 9/6 | 9/9 | 10/- | 10/3 | 10/3 |

Larger Sizes in proportion. This Boot can also be supplied in Black Box Calf to Lace and in Glace Kid to Button.

. . **Write (mentioning "The Bystander") for Catalogue "P," which illustrates and gives full particulars of Phat-Pheet Footwear.**

**Daniel Neal**

**& SONS, Ltd.**

**Specialists in Boots and Shoes for Children,**

Head Depôt and Country Order Office:

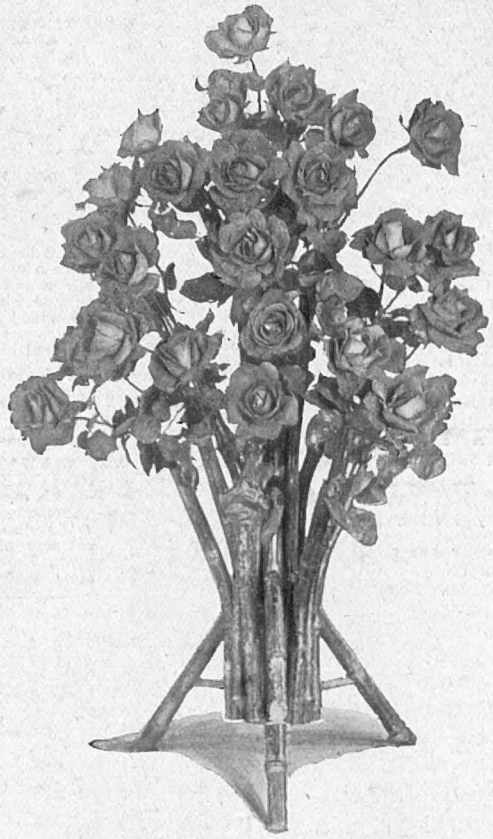
**68 & 70, Edgware Road, W.**

WE 5

PHAT PHEET

# Roses as Autumn Flowers

"The last rose of summer, left blooming alone," will have to be a very, very late blossom nowadays, to judge by the number and beauty of the exhibits at the National Rose Society's fourth annual autumn show, held at the Horticultural Hall last week. How many of even the most sanguine of gardeners a decade ago would have believed that a show of any sort would be feasible at the end of September. Owing, however, to the success which has attended the cultivation of the hybrid perpetual rose, there is really no reason why we should not be able to pluck our roses on Christmas Day, provided the Clerk of the Weather does not favour us with too much *real* winter before the close of the year. The number of entries for the Show was a record one, though only one absolutely new variety was to be seen.



**The New Irish Perpetual Rose, "Avoca"**
Awarded a Gold Medal at the National Rose Society's Autumn Show

## FINE EXHIBITS AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL

### A New Variety

This novelty was exhibited by Messrs. Dickinson and Sons, of Newtownards, and has been named "Avoca." The flowers are of a deep crimson-scarlet colour, and, in fact, in places there is a very definite suggestion of a purply-blue shade. Perhaps next year the novelty will be a blue rose? The scent is as sweet as any midsummer bloom, and the plant is so hardy that it will blossom continuously until late in the antumn.

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Every lady should make a note of the week, Oct. 7 to Oct. 12 inclusive, as during this period the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street, is holding a sale of French blouses, including a number of special models, all made in Paris. These blouses are being offered regardless of cost, in many instances the figure being as low as 5/9.

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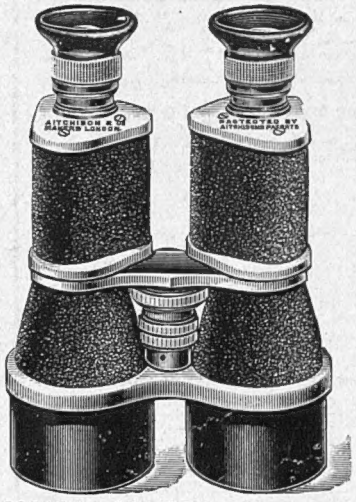
**Our Special Hunting Number next week.**
**Price 6d., as usual.**


# THE AITCHISON HIGH POWER "DAY MARINE" PRISM GLASSES



**EXCHANGE YOUR OLD-FASHIONED GLASSES.**

**OUR NEW SCHEME.** We will allow a reasonable price for Prism or other Field Glasses in part payment.

Send for our new Illustrated Price List, select the glass you would like, then send your old glass to us by parcel post, and we will write and inform you what we can allow you for it, and return it carriage paid if you do not accept our offer.

**POWERS UNEQUALLED BY ENGLISH OR FOREIGN MAKERS.**

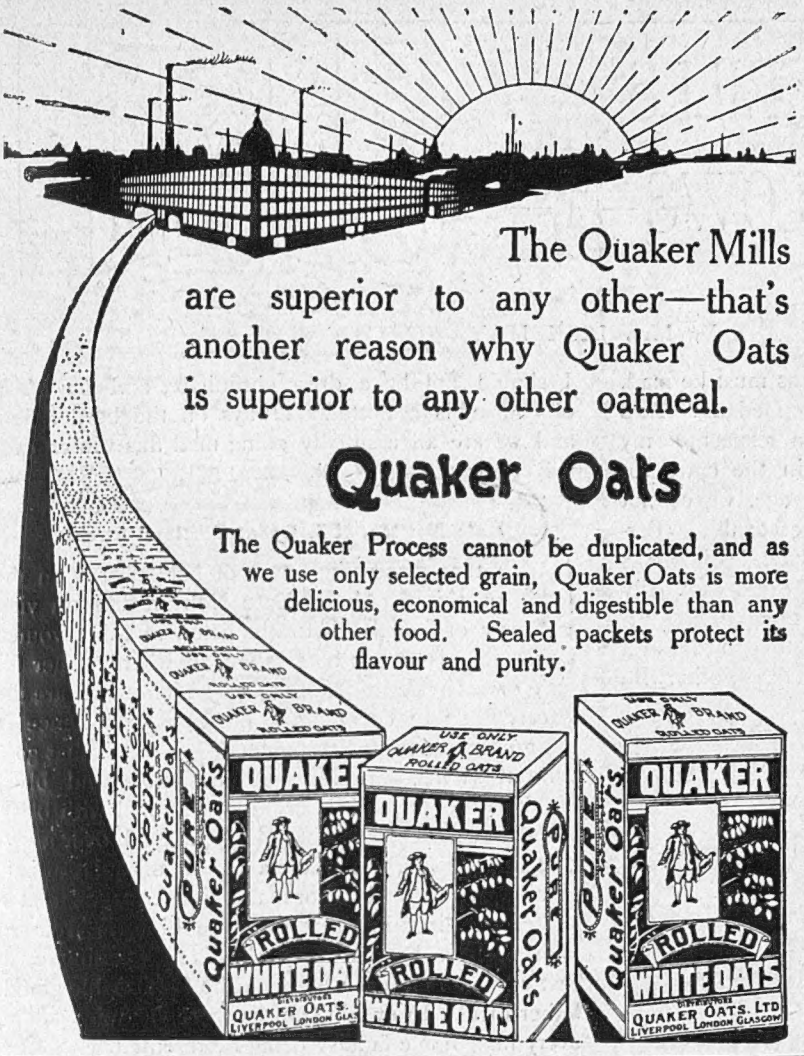
| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **No. 12,** | MAGNIFICATION 12 DIAMETERS, | **£7 10 0** | **No. 20,** | MAGNIFICATION 20 DIAMETERS, | **£10 10 0** |
| **No. 16,** | MAGNIFICATION 16 DIAMETERS, | **£8 10 0** | **No. 25,** | MAGNIFICATION 25 DIAMETERS, | **£12 10 0** |

**With Central Focussing Motion, £1 extra each Glass. Monocular (Single Tube) Glasses half above prices.**
**Parcels post paid to any part of the world.**

**THE "NIGHT MARINE," same model as above, magnifying 9 diameters, £6 10 0**
**ditto ditto with central focussing motion, 7 10 0**
(This is the most useful all-round Glass for Tourists and Travellers.)

DETAILS.—The above are all fitted with object glasses 1 7-16 inches (37 millimetres) in diameter. Iris diaphragms controlled by a simple screw movement from central bar, this permits the glasses being used under all conditions of atmosphere and in all climates, securing perfect definition at all times. The body of the glass is turned from a solid aluminium casting and renders it practically impossible to throw it out of adjustment. All the work is executed at our own factory in London, and every glass is examined and tested personally by Mr. Aitchison.

**AITCHISON & CO.,** OPTICIANS TO THE BRITISH AND UNITED STATES GOVERNMENTS,
**12 CHEAPSIDE, 428 STRAND, 281 OXFORD ST.** (Between Bond St. and Oxford Circus)
**47 FLEET ST., 6 POULTRY, 46 FENCHURCH ST., And 14 NEWGATE ST., LONDON.**
**ALSO AT 37 BOND ST., LEEDS.**
Write for Illustrated Pamphlet giving "THE SECRET OF THE DAY MARINE."




The Quaker Mills are superior to any other—that's another reason why Quaker Oats is superior to any other oatmeal.

## Quaker Oats

The Quaker Process cannot be duplicated, and as we use only selected grain, Quaker Oats is more delicious, economical and digestible than any other food. Sealed packets protect its flavour and purity.

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"Dry-Royal"

ONE OF THE CHOICEST

**Sparkling Wines of France**

Obtainable everywhere. **48/-** per dozen.

"**Sparkling Wines,**" illustrated, sent post free on receipt of P.C. to *133, Cooper's Row, London, E.C.*

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Peek Frean's

# PAT-A-CAKE

BISCUITS.

Others like them ——— so will You.
No others like them so refuse substitutes

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# Rowland's Kalydor

A most Soothing and Refreshing Preparation for the Skin, and makes the

**FACE AND NECK**

beautifully Soft and White. It effectually disperses Freckles, Redness, Roughness of the Skin; Cures, Soothes, and Heals all Irritation, Cutaneous Eruptions, Spots, &c., renders the

**NECK SOFT AND SMOOTH,**

and produces a Beautiful, Pure, and Delicate Complexion. Bottles, **2/3** & **4/6**. Of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid worthless substitutes, and buy only Rowland's Kalydor.

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**TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS.**

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, & Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure,** in **1/-** Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to **POTTER & CLARKE, Ltd.,** Artillery Lane, London, E. *Mention this paper.*

**INSTANT RELIEF.**

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**TOURS AND CRUISES EVERY TEN DAYS.**

14 DAYS **£12** 23 DAYS **£16** TO **£20.**

All expenses included, except Gratuities.

R.M.S. ANTONY (Tw. Sc. 6,400 tons), Liverpool 9th, London 11th October.

**BOOTH LINE,** 11, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London. 30, James Street, Liverpool.

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28, BEDFORD ST., CHARING CROSS, LONDON, and 39, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHIN, LONDON, E.C.
Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, &c.
**Assets £1,607,949. Liabilities £1,236,871. Surplus £371,078**

LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares, and furniture, without removal.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold.

2½ per cent. allowed on Current account balances.

DEPOSITS of £10 and upwards received as under.
Subject to 3 months' Notice of Withdrawal, 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 " "
" 12 " " " 7 " "

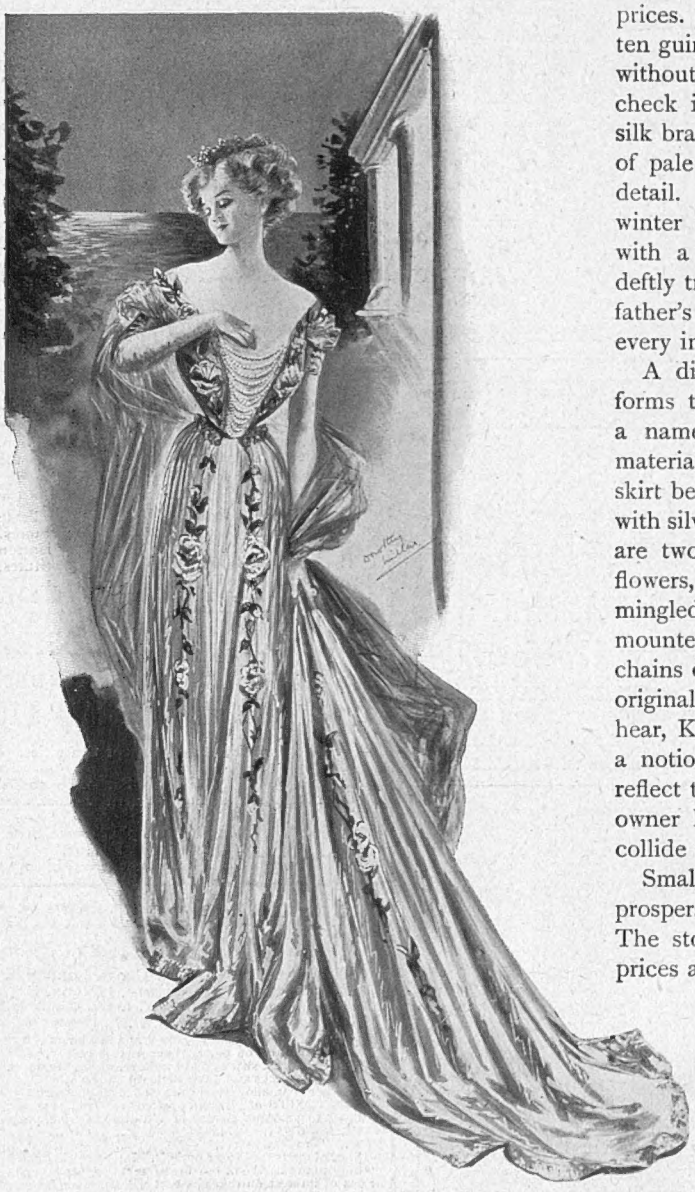
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 37 years, and our position in the Banking World to-day, testifies to the success of our business methods and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for Prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS, H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

# FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Who was it said that Mohammedans must be mad, otherwise they would never be Mohammedans? And those are my sentiments precisely in respect of my friends who have been caught up in the craze for Limericks. It is such a strenuous age, we cannot even take an infantile amusement reasonably. Persistent Bridge is bad enough, but ye Fates! Limericks are worse! And they are proving quite especially annoying to me, as there really is so much of importance in the world of dress just now to consider and talk about. Perhaps, however, I am mad, otherwise I should not be a dress chronicler, and *La Mode*, of course, is admittedly always on the border line, and we are all assuredly going mad this winter over velvet gowns.



**A Distinctive Evening Toilette**

**The** chief component material is old rose and silver tissue, the long train skirt being sun-ray pleated and faced up at the hem with silver sequin lace
(Sketched at Mme. Kate Newton's by Dorothy Millar)

**Kate Newton, 155, Great Portland Street**

With that discerning finger of hers always on the pulse of things, Mme. Kate Newton has on view a display of model toilettes, effected in this favoured fabric, that is not to be rivalled anywhere, either for style or intrinsic value, added to which there are the prices. These covetable confections commence at ten guineas, mounted throughout—although that goes without saying—on silk. A tiny mole and black check is *chic* beyond description, trimmed with black silk braid, the corsage charmingly draped over a vest of pale grey silk, the whole a wealth of quiet artistic detail. A glorified tailor-made, ideal for wear at a winter wedding, in deep Japanese blue, is arranged with a short banded coat, the front opening on a deftly treated chiffon vest, with the fashionable grand father's frill. In evening gowns there is choice galore, every imaginable fantasy being represented.

A distinctively lovely evening toilette, by the way, forms the subject of our sketch, a model that bears a name to conjure with. The chief component material is old rose and silver tissue, the long train skirt being sun-ray pleated and faced up at the hem with silver sequin lace. Falling directly from the waist are two tapering trails of black velvet and chiffon flowers, picked out with silver *dimanté*, and of this mingled embroidery the corsage is mainly composed, mounted over pink, and adorned with festooned chains of pink pearls. What this creation must have originally cost to produce it would be illuminative to hear, Kate Newton's price affording no suspicion of a notion. It is, moreover, always pleasurable to reflect that these are all exclusive affairs, the fortunate owner having no need to fear that she may one day collide with her double.

Small wonder is it that this house flourishes and prospers, and is at the moment extending its premises. The stock of furs alone is a sight to see, and such prices as these are being offered at, prices that place *recherché* models in such desirable pelts as Persian lamb, broadtail, well within the compass of the average allowance. Twelve and a half guineas, for instance, procures a broadtail coatee, a seal musquash, with some peculiarly good embroidery introduced in decorative relief, being marked at fifteen guineas, while full-length fur-lined driving coats, completed by oppossum collars, are, of course, unquestionable bargains at